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WORLD OF FASHION
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Contents for December, 1948 VOL. 25, No. 2, WHOLE No. 146

Articles

Don't Buy "Wholesale" . . . . . CLIVE HOWARD 29
Where Hobbies Build New Lives . . CAROL LYNN GILMER 35
New York to Paris—by Car! . . . . . LLOYD MANN 40
Lady Santa to Lonely Children . . . . . CAROL HUGHES 45
Wheel-Chair Wizard of Radio . . . . . JOSEPH KUSAILA 50
I'm Sorry I Got a Divorce . . . . . ANONYMOUS 61
Carlson: Ajax of Science HARRY HENDERSON & SAM SHAW 67
The Helpers of Hollywood . . . . . EUGENE BURNS 93
The Little King of Crime . . . . . DAVID DRESSLER 98
Washington's Mountain of Books . . . . LAWRENCE LADER 103
Oh, Those Beautiful Dolls! . . . . . JOSEPH ISRAELS II 110
England's Most Haunted House . . . . . HENRY LEE 129
Disaster at Cherry Mine . . . . . JAMES DOUGLAS JOHNSON 136
Andy Christie and His Golden Chicks GRACE DESCHAMPS 141
The Strongest Man in the World
JAMES MADDEN MACINTYRE 144
Rudolph, that Amazing Reindeer
RALPH H. MAJOR, JR. & STANLEY FRANKEL 147
Champion of the Screwballs . . . . . JOHN D. MURPHY 151

Pictorial Features

The Bravest Deed I Know 6
The Ghost Watch 8
A Garden for a Dream 10
Wand Whittler 12
From Miss Hill, Happy Birthday 14
First Ladies: Dorothy McGuire 16
Sandscape 18
The Lady Is Guilty 20
Arctic Admiral 22
For the Defense 25
70,000,000 Fans 26
White Magic . . . . . J. P. FOLINSBEE 53
The World of Fashion 77
The Spirit of Christmas 117
The Meaning of Freedom 153

Departments

The Magic Violin . . . . . REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND 49
Grin and Share It . . . . . EDITED BY IRVING HOFFMAN 75
Do You Really See? . . . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 97
What Do You Know About Christmas?
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 109
Our Human Comedy 115
Got Your Number? . . . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 135

Condensed Book

Wake Up and Live! . . . . . DOROTHEA BRANDE 169

Cover

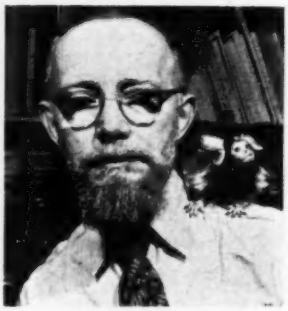
Choir Boys . . . . . J. FREDERICK SMITH

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The Bravest Deed I Know

THIS IS THE STORY of Capt. "Shorty" Small and his ship, the *U.S.S. Salt Lake City*. Fletcher Pratt (inset), noted expert on naval history and strategy, offers it as the finest moment he recalls from his years of study of men and battles.

October, 1942, was a black month in the Pacific war. Although the Marines had landed on Guadalcanal, Jap re-enforcements threatened to push them back into the sea. The Navy had only a few cruisers and destroyers, but on the night of October 11, they moved up to deal with the Jap counterattack. Captain Small's *Salt Lake City*, one of the oldest cruisers in the fleet, followed astern of the sleek new *Boise*.



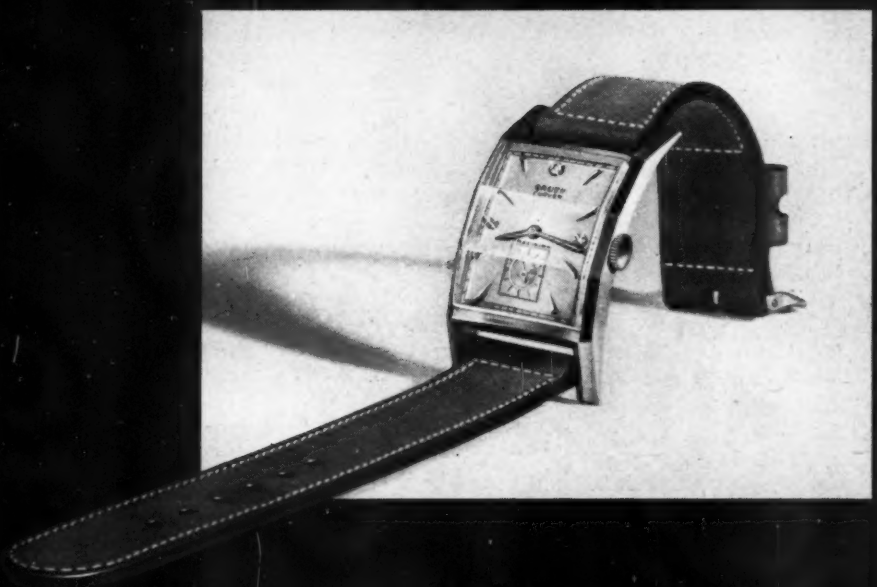
The cruisers patroled a line the Japs had to cross to reach Guadalcanal. Ten o'clock . . . eleven o'clock . . . all quiet. Then, at 11:40, the *Helena* reported unidentified ships on her radar. Searchlights probed the dark. Suddenly light splashed against enemy craft —slim cruisers darting between bulky troop transports. Shorty Small barked his command: "Commence firing!"

Star shells bloomed in the night, and 8-inch shells lashed a Jap cruiser until she exploded in flame. The gunners shifted fire, and another enemy ship split under the attack. Suddenly the *Boise* got it. Shorty Small, from his own bridge, could see her turrets hurtling toward the sky as the Jap cruiser *Furutaka* caught the *Boise* broadside. Small watched the American vessel stagger out of column, flaming. She seemed doomed. Instantly Small threw the *Salt Lake* between the Jap and his crippled sister ship. Silhouetted by the *Boise's* flames, the *Salt Lake* was a perfect target. At less than 5,000 yards the *Furutaka* turned her guns on her new victim, raking the *Salt Lake*. A second Jap salvo cracked into her armor belt.

Then the *Salt Lake* gunners talked back, Yankee style. It took less than a minute—the crack crews were firing a salvo every 12 seconds, and the fourth blast split the *Furutaka* wide open.

The *Salt Lake* and the *Boise* limped home. The Japs were stopped—but for the *Salt Lake* men the battle had a pay-off. The first *Salt Lakers* to visit the *Boise* came aboard at chow time. Instead of the usual wait in line, a grateful crew virtually forced them into the No. 1 spots. And below decks in the Navy, that's a real decoration.

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THE GHOST WATCH

"ESCORT for the Keys!" Every night when darkness shrouds the Tower of London, this command rings out over the ancient bastions. Then the curious ceremony of the Keys —a ritual with its beginnings lost in medieval antiquity—begins.

Boots ring against the stones as a military escort falls in at the Head Warder's command, and history turns back a thousand years. For the Yeoman Warders are the most ancient order of royal retainers in England—a colorful remnant of the days when the Tower was the Bloody Tower, where nobles and even royalty awaited the executioner's ax. Today, Warders are selected from sergeants of the British Army, and the brilliant uniform has become a badge of honor.

Nightly, the King's Keys are paraded by lantern light. The scarlet cloak of the Head Warder flows through the shadowy gateways that are locked as he passes. Soon the Tower is cut off from the outside world. Now no man can move through the night without the countersign. The ghost watch has begun.


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A Garden for a Dream



WHEN I CAME TO LIVE in New York many years ago, finances compelled me to give up my tiny hotel room and double up with my childhood friend, Mac, in a dingy Brooklyn attic. We were both trying to become writers.

Mac was not really old, but the early loss of his wife and the constant struggle to provide for his little daughter had left him prematurely marked by age.

At the time I moved in, Maggie, his little girl, was about seven, a wistful child who used to sit for hours by the small attic window and watch the world outside. She was never strong, but seemed perfectly contented. She said she was watching the children playing in the beautiful park right across the street, but all I saw there was a row of grimy buildings with ugly chimneys belching smoke, and to the right a large dusty field used as a refuse dump.

It was therefore quite a shock to me, on entering the room one day, to find Maggie's habitual place empty. She was lying on her narrow cot, her face streaked with tears. Mac hovered over her. "Someone told her there was no park out there," Mac explained, "and she worked up a fever crying."

After that, Maggie never sat by the window. Her dream was rudely broken and there was nothing to watch any longer. Now she lay on her bed most of the time, looking so frail and tiny that Mac finally decided to summon a doctor.

It took all our money, but we got a famous specialist to come. He tapped Maggie's weak little chest and shook his head.

"Air," he said, "mountain air—and good rich wine to build up the appetite."

After he had gone Mac looked at me silently. We both knew very well that wine was out of the question, and that the dust of Brooklyn would have to be substituted for the prescribed mountain air.

The next day Mac took Maggie to a large park several miles away. It was getting dark when they re-



turned, but Maggie's eyes were shining, and her tiny, pinched face glowed with deep inner happiness.

"We've been to the most beautiful garden," she cried, "so now I don't care if we don't have one over here because I can go to that one again tomorrow."

But tomorrow never comes; nor did it come for Maggie, for the next day it rained and she had to stay home. As a matter of fact, she had to stay home from then on, because it was too far to walk and there was no money for bus tickets.

"Now if only there was a park right here instead of that dusty field," Mac would say, and then suddenly he got an idea. He would write to the Mayor about it.

He did write, not only to the Mayor but to all the newspapers. Yet nothing happened and Maggie grew thinner and paler day by day. One rainy April evening I came home and found Mac kneeling by her bed, crying softly.

There were only the two of us to take Maggie to the cemetery. After the sad ceremony we made our way home. Passing by the dusty field, I was surprised to see a few men busily removing the huge piles of rubbish, and I could not resist asking one about the purpose of his work.

"A park's gonna be here," he said, "so kids can play."

I glanced at Mac. His face, dark and lifeless just a moment before, was now lit up with the kind of happiness that sometimes grows out of deep sorrow.

As we climbed the creaking old stairs of the tenement house, neither of us spoke—knowing how strange it would seem to enter the dingy attic room without Maggie there to greet us.

From the door I could see Maggie's cot, with the blankets neatly folded at the foot of the mattress. Almost instinctively I walked across the room and flung the tiny window open, and for a moment it seemed that I could see Maggie, playing with a group of children on a gaily flowered lawn. —M. VINOKUROFF



WAND WHITTLER

PAUL WHITEMAN, the orchestra leader, recently sent the U. S. Forest Service four birch seedlings to be planted in the State of Maine. This was his way of replacing the estimated four trees that Isaac Cary (*above*) has used up in making the batons Whiteman has worn out in the past 20 years.

Cary started his unique profession as a hobby, but now he makes nearly 10,000 batons a year, entirely by hand. His tools are simple—a homemade knife, a plane and a file—but each baton is tailored to the exact specifications of the maestro who will wield it. Among his hundreds of customers are such famous musicians as Arturo Toscanini and André Kostelanetz, as well as popular headliners like Cab Calloway.

Cary whittles his batons from the branches of Maine birch trees, after the wood has been aged two years. Now past 70, Cary has experimented with many rare woods, but he is convinced that nothing tops the Yankee birch. And the hundreds of orders that pour into his Maine workshop prove he is quite right.

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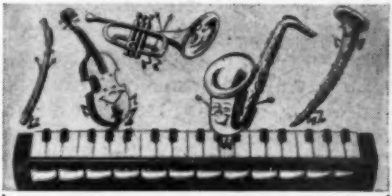
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12



EVERY TIME the orchestra plays *Happy Birthday* at the request of that table over there, the restaurant owes royalties to a bedridden retired teacher in New York and a professor in Charlottesville, Virginia.

All royalties for performance of the song are not collected, however. The trouble is that *Happy Birthday* enjoys an excess of popularity. It seems to have been with us always and, like Topsy, "just growed." Even old-time professional showmen have been amazed to find that there is a copyright holder in the background.

The copyright on the original text and music expires next year, but subsequent copyrights will keep later versions out of the public domain for some time to come. This will make no difference whatever to all the blithe party goers who have been warbling this number all their lives to herald the bringing in of the cake.

Western Union and Postal Telegraph once had to change their tune. Messenger boys and girl operators had sung *Happy Birthday* approximately 500,000 times under license from ASCAP before the license was canceled after a protest from a New York lawyer named Samuel Mann, representing the heirs of Miss Patty Smith Hill and Miss Mildred Hill, who composed the words and music in 1892 for their private kindergarten in Louisville, Kentucky.

The Misses Hill, who had the presence of mind to copyright their song in 1893, originally called it *Good Morning to You!* Four Misses Hill ran the kindergarten, but only Miss Jessica survives. She shares the proceeds from her sisters' work with her nephew, Archibald A. Hill, professor of English at the University of Virginia.

So close are the *Happy Birthday* interests to the heart of Mr. Mann that his evenings at night clubs are marred. The orchestra is almost certain to play *Happy Birthday*, reminding him of all the uncollected royalties down through the years.

Most copyright infringements are unintentional, as *Happy Birthday* is often taken to be a folk song of unknown origin. It is sung in dozens of languages, which is surprising, as in 1893 there were not the means to plug a song into ears all over the world. But when radio began to thrust into every home, it turned out that everybody everywhere knew *Happy Birthday*, and knew it so well that no one thought to ask: "Who wrote that?"

—RHEA TALLEY

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First Ladies: Dorothy McGuire

TEN YEARS AGO, Dorothy McGuire stood before a theatrical producer, a script clutched in her trembling fingers. She was a novice, trying for a bit part; he was a maker of stars. Suddenly he interrupted her. "That's enough!" he snapped. "My hearing is perfect. You don't have to scream at me." Dorothy dropped the script and ran.

Fortunately, this experience did not dim her fierce desire to act, and a short time later she made her mark on Broadway in the title role of *Claudia*. Her portrayal of that lovable, addlebrained girl was so real that people still think of Dorothy McGuire as Claudia, although she has since starred in the movies as a mute, an embittered mother and a chic New Yorker.

The outer trappings of Hollywood matter little to her. She has never even changed her name. Yet she will go to any length to absorb the mood of the story, even to the extent of writing a fictional biography of the character assigned to her. For, to Dorothy McGuire, the play's the thing.


How Santa Claus found out...
THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE ALKA-SELTZER FOR RELIEVING THE MISERIES OF A COLD
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LEGEND SAYS THAT the Indians disobeyed their gods, ignoring warnings to cease the endless tribal wars. Finally the gods became angry and rained down upon the land of the Paiute and the Mojave a terrible punishment.

The stone tops were ripped from mountains, and slumbering volcanoes came to life, spewing up molten lava. As gigantic boulders hurtled through the sky, great rents appeared in the earth, splitting wide and grinding shut again like the heaving jaws of a stone monster. Coastal mountain chains were torn asunder and the ocean itself plunged into the hissing, steaming sinkholes of the desert.

New mountains appeared, twisting and writhing, dissolving and thrusting up again, trapping the inland sea until the gods sucked it up into space. Finally, the gods tired of their monumental vengeance and abandoned the mutilated area—



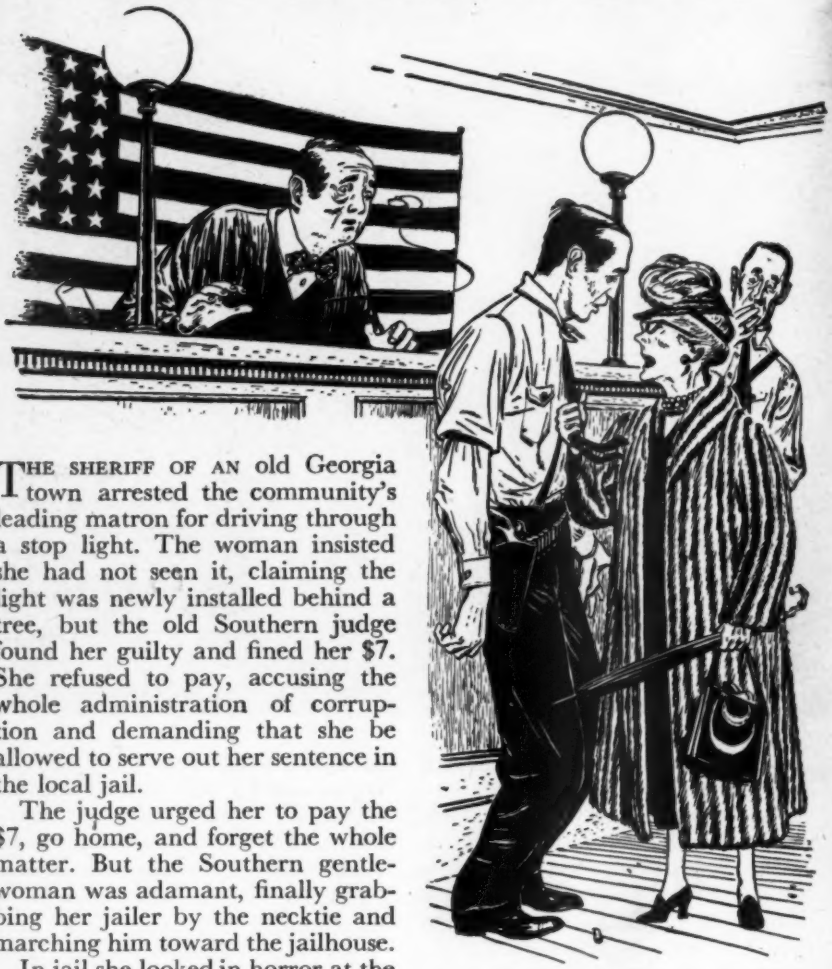
allowing it to sink and settle into an arid, barren wasteland.

This, according to Indian legend, is how Death Valley was formed. Today, scientists know that, actually, the valley endured its terrible birth some 12,000,000 years ago—at least 10,000,000 years before man appeared on earth. But somehow, drawing on their primitive wisdom, the Indians wove into their tribal lore a remarkably accurate account of its creation.

Incredibly rich in mineral salts and valuable metals, California's Death Valley has always been a magnet for hopeful prospectors. In the early days, fortunes in gold, silver and borax were hauled from the depths of the valley. But for nearly every strike there was a lonely grave in the hills—a stark witness looking down on the shifting sands of the desert.

Today, GI prospectors, intrigued with dreams of sudden wealth, are streaming into the ruthless valley. The burros of other days have been replaced by jeeps, and even by planes—but no matter what riches are unearthed, the timeless hills and canyons will forever hide vaster treasures deep within their twisted grasp.

THE LADY IS GUILTY...



THE SHERIFF OF AN old Georgia town arrested the community's leading matron for driving through a stop light. The woman insisted she had not seen it, claiming the light was newly installed behind a tree, but the old Southern judge found her guilty and fined her $7. She refused to pay, accusing the whole administration of corruption and demanding that she be allowed to serve out her sentence in the local jail.

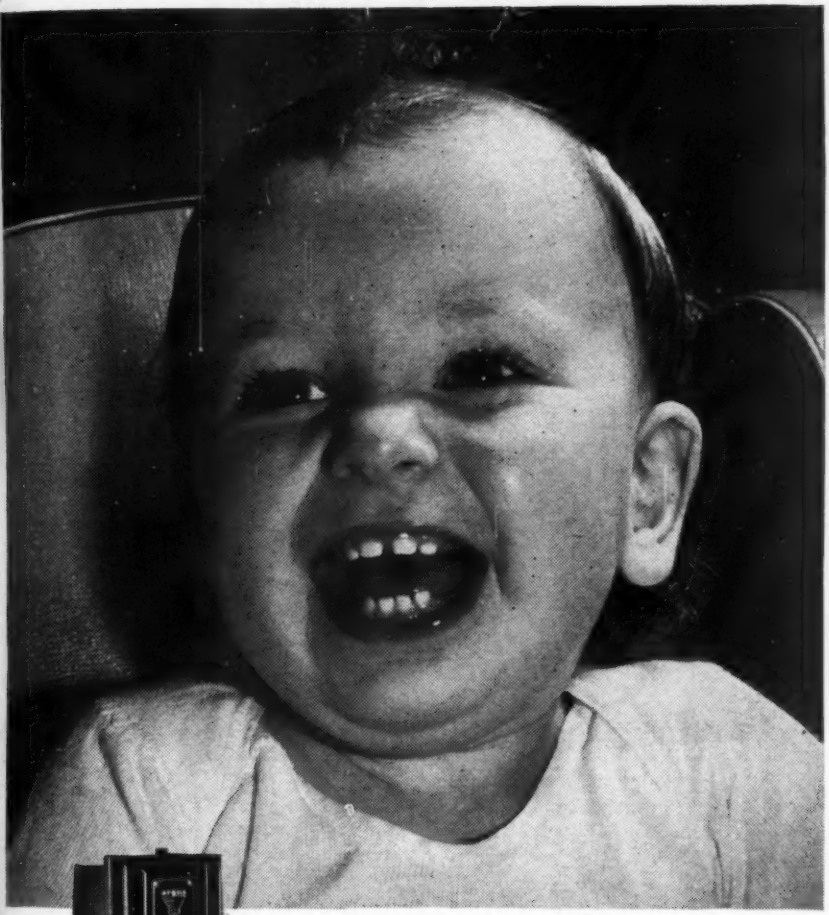
The judge urged her to pay the $7, go home, and forget the whole matter. But the Southern gentlewoman was adamant, finally grabbing her jailer by the necktie and marching him toward the jailhouse.

In jail she looked in horror at the suite she was to call home for the next seven days. In uncensored terms she demanded that the bed be rid of bugs, a curtain provided, and a chair furnished.

"Send for the judge!" she cried. The judge arrived, listened patiently, then went into consultation with the jailer. A moment later he returned, flushed and triumphant.

"You win, ma'am," he announced gallantly, "the boys pooled their money and paid your fine. They just figure this jail is no place for a lady."

—NICHOLAS G. GANAKOS





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Arctic Admiral

AFTER SEVEN SUCCESSIVE TRIPS, and two decades of bitter struggle and disappointment, Admiral Robert E. Peary raised our flag at the North Pole on April 6, 1909.

Behind that great moment lay an inspiring story of inexhaustible determination and a memorable friendship. As a civil engineer with the U.S. Navy, Peary first met Matthew Henson, the young Negro who was to make all but one of his six Arctic trips with him, and be his sole American companion on the last victorious dash to the pole.

Peary made his first Arctic expedition in 1891. But it was not until 1908 that his relay-team technique conquered the Arctic. Living with and like Eskimos, the expedition fought its way northward, until that triumphant day Peary wrote in his diary: "The Pole at last! My dream and goal for 20 years! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace."



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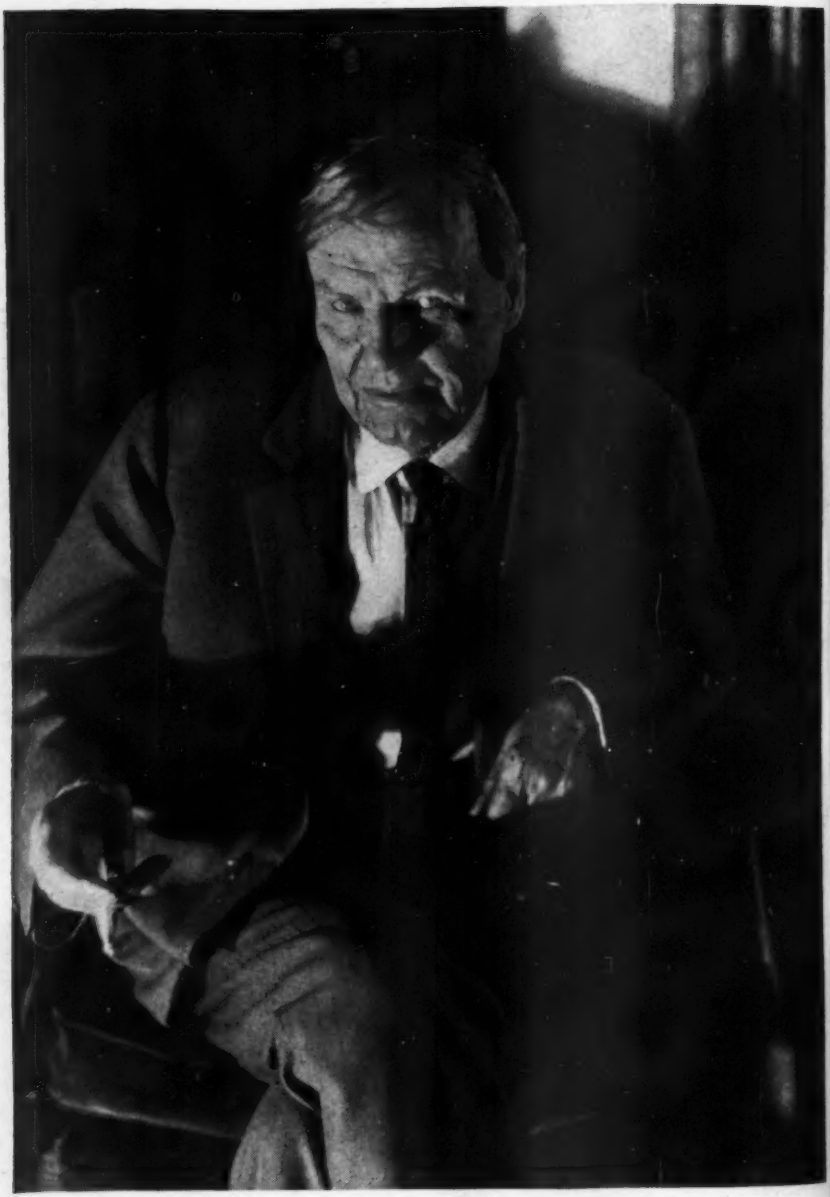
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FOR THE DEFENSE



THERE WAS NO sound in the crowded courtroom. Slowly the defense attorney rose to his feet, his crumpled suit strangely in key with his weary, age-creased face. He started to speak: "Your Honor—"

It was the thoughtful voice of Clarence Darrow, the famous criminal lawyer, raised in defense of two teenage boys—confessed murderers in a sensational case that had shocked the nation.

The issue placed before Judge Caverly that sweltering summer day in 1924 was not the guilt of the defendants—that had already been established beyond shadow of a doubt. The real issue was between the death penalty—which public sentiment demanded—and leniency in the form of life imprisonment, the plea of the defense. Now the evidence was all in.

Darrow rose to make his final argument—an historic speech that was to take almost two days to complete. Hanging in the balance was the principle Darrow had fought for throughout his lengthy career—the remittance of the death sentence. For he believed that capital punishment was in itself a crime against society. It was his theory that as the penal code was made less terrible crimes grew less frequent.

"You may cure hatred with love and understanding," he argued eloquently, "but you only add fuel to the flames when you inflict cruel punishments."

Darrow spoke that day not as a lawyer but as a criminologist. He knew his career was drawing to a close. Age, illness, and the strain of years spent defending minority causes had taken their toll. But he was determined to win his point.

For Clarence Darrow possessed that rare combination—humanity and genius. Time and again he had turned his back on certain prosperity to defend those in trouble—often without fee, and at the cost of vicious attacks against him in the press. But Darrow sprang to the defense as instinctively as one springs to the aid of a drowning child.

He was a criminal lawyer, with a lifetime of exposure to the worst aspects of society. But as he spoke that day in a Chicago courtroom, he wept, unashamed. And he won the case. But it was a small victory compared to what Darrow, a great humanitarian, hoped to achieve for his fellow men.



70,000,000 FANS

SUNDAY MORNING is suspense time in most American homes as each member of the family waits his turn to read the comics. Finally the week's thrills are exhausted, and even the baby gets his chance at the brightly colored pages.

Since the first comic strip, *Yellow Kid*, appeared 52 years ago, the comics have mushroomed to such an extent that only one of America's leading daily newspapers does not carry them. They have 70,000,000 fans—almost 80 per cent of America's newspaper readers.

And, although they have been criticized by psychologists, to their avid readers the heroes and heroines of America's 500 comic strips can do no wrong. They are as real as the people next door—and very often they are more fun.



During the war, The Springs Cotton Mills was called upon to develop a crease-proof cotton fabric. It was used with great success as a backing for maps, photographs, and other valuable assets. This fabric has now been further perfected and made available to the makers of anti-rebound rompers.

After a convention, a clam-bake, or a day on Capitol Hill, you need not eat off the mantel if you have your foundation covered with SPRINGMAID *POKER* woven of combed yarns 37″ wide, 152 x 68 count, in tearose, white, nude, and black, light and medium gauge. If you bruise easily, you can face the future confidently with the SPRINGMAID trademark.

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From Admiral . . . comes this triple thrill in complete home entertainment. **MAGIC MIRROR TELEVISION** brings you steady, mirror-clear pictures on a big 10" direct-view screen . . . the clearest pictures of them all! Super-powered by 29 tubes (including rectifiers) to assure dependable performance even in outlying areas. Complete channel coverage. Here, too, is a powerful **FM-AM RADIO** including the finest features in static-free FM. New **2-SPEED AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPH** plays standard as well as the sensational new long play 45-minute "microgroove" records. Truly a triple-thrill . . . all combined in a breathtakingly beautiful cabinet only 48 inches wide!

AMERICA'S SMART SET *Admiral*

DON'T BUY "Wholesale"

by CLIVE HOWARD

IT HAPPENS TO THOUSANDS of trusting people every day. They want to purchase some personal or household item; they know its type and style, and where to buy it. But the price seems too high for their pocketbooks, so, with a sigh of regret, they put off the purchase.

Then along comes a well-meaning friend or neighbor who says the magic words: "I can get it for you wholesale." And right there, the trouble starts. Most of the time, the trusting buyer doesn't save money but gets gypped instead.

Today, with prices soaring and the Christmas buying season upon us, the "wholesale" racket is flourishing as never before. Here is a typical example that shows how the racket works, and how the customers lose, instead of save, their hard-earned dollars. A few weeks ago, a young Chicago couple decided to invest in new furniture for their home. A friend whom they greatly admired for his ability to locate bargains spoke up: "I can get it for you wholesale."

Armed with a letter of introduction, the couple found the wholesaler's shop—a loft on the upper floor of a business building. A sign at the entrance said: "Manufacturer's Showroom."

The place had all the atmosphere of a wholesale establishment. On the walls were photographs of the company's huge factory. Some furniture stood in sealed crates; other articles were uncrated but still wrapped in shipping paper. There were no price tags in sight.

The reason, said the man in

charge, was that most of the firm's output—"our original factory-built designs"—were sold to leading Chicago retail stores. He named a few. However, he continued in a tone of friendly conspiracy, the firm occasionally took care of close friends by selling to them directly. This way, the young couple could save from 25 to 40 per cent.

The couple quickly forgot their original plan to visit retail stores and compare prices. This was too good a chance to miss! They selected living-room, dining-room and bedroom furniture, together with a few odd pieces.

To show them the extent of their bargain, the manager jotted down, next to his price for each item they had bought, the price charged by a leading department store for the same product. His total was $1,400. The store would have charged more than $2,000.

When the couple tried to thank the wholesaler, he grew philosophical. "It's a pretty bad world," he said as he shook hands, "if people can't do favors for each other."

A few days after the furniture had been delivered, the couple happened to visit one of the stores the wholesaler had mentioned. First, they noticed a dining-room set identical to their own, for which they had paid "only $519." But the department-store's price was $479—just $40 less than the "wholesale" price. A sofa-and-chair combination exactly like the one that had cost them $162—"a hundred dollars less than the retail price"—bore a retail price tag of $99.

One by one, the young couple located replicas of the other items they had bought. Wordlessly, they added up the store's prices. They had paid, "at wholesale," about $500 more than the same items would have cost at retail!

There was nothing the young couple could do to recover their lost savings. They had no legal proof that the sale had ever been represented as wholesale. The friend who sent them to the showroom had furnished his home the same way, but had never bothered to check on his bargains.

Like thousands of other people, all three were victims of a racket that feeds off the universal desire to buy something at less than retail cost. Now that consumer materials again are available in quantity, the "wholesale" operator is back in business, using the same old tricks and a few new ones to sell—always at a "discount"—household items ranging from electric toasters to television sets.

Fake wholesaling in one form or another is big business in every town of 25,000 or more. It even reaches out into the countryside. Phony mail-order dealers, capitalizing on the buy-by-mail philosophy developed by legitimate retailers like Sears Roebuck, clutter rural mailboxes with elaborate catalogues. They offer to sell wearing apparel, jewelry, household appliances and auto accessories at discounts up to 60 per cent.

The U. S. Chamber of Commerce estimates that two to three billion consumer dollars find their way into so-called wholesale channels every year. Furniture and household items lead in the amount of money extorted from unsuspecting customers. The great bulk is sold through "factory showrooms"

of the type which victimized the young Chicago couple.

Although comparatively new, the factory-to-you device is another trick of the fake wholesalers. A "manufacturer" of chenille rugs in Illinois sent salesmen through the Midwest with brief cases full of enticing literature.

"By dealing direct with our representative," the pamphlet advised housewives, "you eliminate profits of wholesalers, retailers and other middlemen." The salesmen displayed photos of the company's factory—where the rugs were made by blind men and women from local institutions.

An investigator from the Federal Trade Commission who went to the Illinois town found that the company had no factory. The rugs were manufactured in another state by people with full sight. The Arlington Heights "factory" owner was a fake. His prices were the same as those in retail stores.



Most investigators rank jewelry close to furniture in the fake wholesaling industry. One New York City mail-order jewelry house sent catalogues by the thousands to employees of banks and insurance companies, to federal and local government workers and to long lists of names taken out of small-town phone directories. Each of the several hundred catalogue items was listed with a price. This figure, said the catalogue, was the retail value.

"To arrive at *your* special price," the printed instructions continued, "simply deduct 51 per cent from the list price."

Even after the 51 per cent deduction, the FTC found, this company's prices were just as high as customers would pay in a retail store—and often much higher.

An Indiana farmer bought a fine-looking watch from a Detroit mail-order wholesaler. Within a month it stopped running. The farmer sent it to the original manufacturer for repair. At the factory, an astounded workman discovered that inside the brand-new case was a mechanism at least ten years old.

In nearly every industry, there are legitimate wholesalers who do a brisk business with retail consumers on the side. Some of them sell only to friends at real savings, but many misrepresent both prices and the quality of their goods.

A group of retail furniture dealers once reported to the FTC a legitimate wholesaler who was selling directly to consumers at the rate of $600,000 a year. The wholesaler blandly assured the FTC that nobody was getting hurt.

"After all," he said in injured dignity, "everything I sell those people is marked up 100 per cent!"

In New York City, where it is estimated that 35 per cent of all furs are sold directly by manufacturers and so-called wholesalers, a woman paid a manufacturer $1,800 for a mink coat. The same coat, the wholesaler said, was selling in a Fifth Avenue shop for $3,000.

When the woman returned for a final fitting, the coat the manufacturer produced did not look like the one she had ordered. She demanded her own coat or her money back. The manufacturer waved before her the order form containing her signature. This was a legal contract, he shouted, and any court in

the land would honor it as such.

Too frightened to do otherwise, the woman accepted the coat and took it to the Fifth Avenue store. The store's expert needed only one glance to know that the coat was imitation mink, and worth, at retail, about two-thirds of what the woman had paid the manufacturer.

In the last two years, hundreds of "discount houses" have mushroomed in all parts of the country. They specialize in selling known makes of radios, silverware, household appliances and watches at discounts of 10 to 30 per cent off the manufacturer's fixed price. For the most part, the products sold by discount houses represent the only consistent bargains to be had in the buy-at-wholesale industry. Even retail trade associations have admitted this.



Yet in many cases the probable saving is bait which sets a trap for bargain-hungry customers. Having just bought, say, an electric refrigerator for 30 per cent less than the list price, the customer is in the proper mood for the discount man's next move.

"If you need anything else—furniture, furs, jewelry, floor covering, leather goods—I can send you to a friend in the wholesale business," he will confide.

Many people accept the bait. Armed with courtesy cards or letters of introduction, or preceded by phone calls, the innocent customer embarks on a merry-go-round of fictitious manufacturers and fake wholesalers.

Arthur L. Garniss, director of the New York Council on Retail Trade Diversion, has exposed examples of collusion between discount operators and wholesalers. A typical customer-introduction card turned up by a Council investigator resembles a money-order form. One part is detachable and carries a warning to the discount operator: *Tear this off before giving card to customer.* The warning is important, for even a grade-school student could solve the connection between an innocent-looking number appearing on the customer's card and a series of numbers printed on the part the dealer keeps.

According to one code, the last two digits of the number appearing on the customer's card will tell the wholesaler how much commission the discount operator expects. The number 410 signifies 10 per cent of the sale goes to the discount man; 420, 430 and 440 mean 20, 30 and 40 per cent, respectively. If the dealer appraises the customer as especially gullible, he may select the last number on the list, which is 500. This will bring him a commission of 100 per cent! Naturally, the wholesaler adds the discount dealer's commission to the price, which usually will be as much or more than the retail price in the first place.

Everybody except the customer gets something out of the arrangement. A legitimate fur wholesaler had a working arrangement with several discount houses. A beaver coat he sold "wholesale" for $475—worth $900 retail, he told the customer—was appraised by an expert as worth no more than $475 at retail. In this same place, a skunk-dyed opossum jacket, quoted at $65 wholesale, was then selling for $45 in retail stores.

An investigator posing as a buyer

presented a courtesy card to a New York luggage dealer and bought two suitcases which he took to a leather expert. One, represented as genuine alligator, was a cheap grade of cowhide. The other—"solid, six-ounce cowhide"—was two-ounce split cowhide with a cardboard backing.

At the root of the whole buy-at-wholesale racket are three important factors which consumers usually don't consider:

1. *Most wholesalers refuse to sign a guarantee.* Even when guarantees *are* offered, they are usually worthless. A factory-to-you operator in New York City was doing a rushing business in men's shirts—guaranteed pre-shrunk. Every one shrank the first time it was laundered. Two fake hosiery mills in Georgia and California guaranteed their products as purest silk. A testing laboratory proved they were rayon.

2. *There is no system of customer service in the fake wholesaling industry.* A man who bought several thousand dollars' worth of furniture at a Chicago "factory showroom" had to hire a lawyer to make sure of delivery eight months later. A New York City "wholesaler's" shipment of furniture arrived with items worth several hundred dollars missing. The customer called the sheriff, but could not collect. The company had no money.

3. *There is no system of repair or adjustment.* The fake wholesaler has a stock answer to requests for repairs. "I've already saved you a lot of money," he will say. "What more can you expect?"

On the other hand, the reputable retailer, from the smallest neighborhood merchant to the largest department store, knows that he must stand back of everything he sells. If he fails to arrange prompt delivery, refuses to make legitimate or guaranteed repairs or allow refunds on occasional faulty items, he will be forced out of business by lack of customers.

How far the retailer will go to keep customer good will is proven by two recent cases. Several department stores in the Midwest featured a manufacturer's introductory offer of a new type of mattress for $39. Thousands had been sold before it was discovered that the mattresses were the same the manufacturer had been producing for ten years. Moreover, they were selling in other cities at $35.

The stores combed their sales records, sent a cash refund with a letter of explanation to several thousand purchasers, and then took the manufacturer before the Federal Trade Commission.

In New York City a department store put up for sale several hundred fur coats meant to sell for $1,845. A typographical error in the ads changed the price to $845. The store took a huge loss rather than withdraw the coats.

Some of the largest and most innocent contributors to the fake wholesaling industry are business executives. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce says that up to 12,000 business organizations have arranged wholesale-buying facilities for employees. Occasionally, their tremendous power makes it possible to secure true bargains.

But often it has been found that the lists turned over to employees represent only a careless accumulation of names of dealers who have

solicited the company's business. Few executives ever think to investigate the dealers before recommending them. When the New York Council on Retail Trade Diversion recently checked over a number of these lists, they found most of them contained the names of fake wholesalers already in trouble with the FTC.

The real solution to the buying-at-wholesale evil rests with the consumer. If people who try to buy below retail prices used extreme caution, most fake wholesalers would have to quit business. Many thousands of people could avoid being swindled merely by asking the nearest Better Business Bureau for the available information on the company offering a discount.

If you buy at a discount house, the experts advise that you stick to nationally advertised, price-fixed products. To reduce the risk of buying a counterfeit, procure the model number of the product and every other specification, then compare these with the same product sold at retail.

If you plan to deal with a concern that advertises products direct from the factory, ask to be shown through the factory. Legitimate manufacturers are used to such requests. If the factory is in another city, ask the local Better Business Bureau or Chamber of Commerce whether it really exists. Then compare the factory's price with the accepted retail cost before buying.

By all means, avoid the type of product where only an expert can determine true values—such as furniture, jewelry and furs. Your chance of getting a true bargain in this field will depend on one factor: *How well do you know the man with whom you are doing business?*

In the words of an official of the National Better Business Bureau: "Know your wholesaler. If he is a close friend or trusted business associate, you have a good chance of getting an honest bargain. Otherwise, *don't* buy wholesale."



No More Strawberries!

DURING HIS EARLY playing days, the late Babe Ruth possessed an enormous appetite. Often, at the ball park, he would eat a half-dozen frankfurters at a sitting.

One afternoon in the locker room before the game, manager Miller Huggins noticed that Ruth looked a little green.

"Is something wrong, Babe?" he asked.

"My stomach's acting up," said Ruth. "It must be that party I went to last night. I never saw so much food in my life: lobsters, crabs, clams, roast turkey, fried chicken and to top it off—strawberries."

"And I suppose you helped yourself to everything in sight," said the manager.

"Yes," confessed Ruth with a groan. "But that's the last time I'll ever eat strawberries!"

—E. E. EDGAR

Where HOBBIES Build New Lives



by CAROL LYNN GILMER

Young and old, rich and poor, work side by side in an unusual school, discovering the joy of working with their hands

A YOUNG VETERAN, whistling as he works, fashions hand-tooled leather handbags; at last he is sure of himself and his future plans. An elderly woman sits at a small loom, absorbed in creating a new textile pattern; two months ago, after her only son was killed in a plane crash, life had seemed futile. A French-speaking Negro girl from Haiti smiles with satisfaction as the clay model of a young girl's head takes shape under her nimble fingers; until recently she had been engulfed by the loneliness of being in a new land, unable to speak the language.

Scene: the workshop classrooms of one of the country's most unusual organizations, the Universal School of Handicrafts in New York City. Since the school was founded 13 years ago, more than 8,000 students from 66 countries and all 48 states have been enrolled. Business executives and middle-aged matrons, youngsters from slum areas and symphony conductors, busy surgeons and refugees from Europe attend classes side by side. They have no tedious lectures, no examinations, for this is no ordinary school. But whether they are studying ceramics or lacemaking, jewelry design or bookbinding, all are learning the joy of doing creative work with their hands.

For many, this may mean the chance for a whole new life. Consider the young college girl who enrolled at Universal after suffering a serious nervous breakdown. Although she had regained her strength physically, she was listless and depressed. Having never before undertaken any creative work, she wandered about the workshops, timid and confused. Then she saw a group of students modeling clay. She said she would like to try it, too.

Her first project was a head of her mother. The work was extraordinarily good—and revealing, too, of the girl's emotional problem. For the mother's face bore an expres-

sion of complete mastery. The student's next project was the model of a hand—that of her aunt. This hand—grasping and powerful—again showed how the girl had been overwhelmed all her life by domineering adults.

Then the girl modeled the head of a teen-age girl, lovely and kind—symbol of her own ideals. Having thus worked out her complexes in clay, she went on to produce beautiful objects, detached from her personal feelings. Now she is happily married and has her own studio.

Fifteen-year-old Bernie also found a new world at Universal School. Bernie had always been a problem child: one of 11 children in an underprivileged home, he had had little attention during his formative years, and his resentment had reached such a state when his school principal sent him to Universal that he was refusing to talk with anyone.

Edward T. Hall, founder and director of Universal, put Bernie to work making toy animals from string and yarn, and saw to it that these first efforts sold by having his friends buy them. Bernie next tried his hand at making silver miniatures. Soon it was apparent that he had real talent; his miniatures have since been sold to collectors. Before long, Bernie was earning money of his own and thereby gained a feeling of security and self-esteem.

THOUGH THE SCHOOL'S work with students who have psychological problems is often dramatically effective, such cases comprise only about two per cent of the enrollees. The vast majority at Universal are normal, well-adjusted people who are learning a new trade, discovering an outlet for latent creative talents, or just seeking mental relaxation. A well-known surgeon finds operations exhausting and, after an arduous day, relaxes by modeling in clay. Another student, a wealthy banker, learned metalwork and gained real pleasure in making gifts for friends. A science teacher took a course in plastics so he could make a transparent locomotive model to demonstrate to pupils.

Almost half of Universal's students are veterans learning profitable trades such as leathercraft or jewelry design under the GI Bill of Rights. Many other kinds of people come to the school originally to find a hobby and end up by discovering a fascinating and money-making vocation.

There was the old couple, in their eighties, who took a variety of courses. The next year in their small gift shop in New Hampshire, they sold the articles they had learned to make. There was the 63-year-old grandmother who studied metalwork and then became head of a creative department in a girls' school. A matron learned to make pottery vases; now she is selling all she can produce to a Fifth Avenue specialty shop.

Celebrities have attended Universal, too. Dr. Frank Black, musical director of NBC, studied modeling there. Ted Shawn, noted dancer, became an enthusiastic wood carver. André Kostelanetz, the orchestra leader, studied metalwork. Singers Lucille Manners and Jane Pickens also came to Universal to learn new hobbies.

The school's director, 64-year-old Hall, is a wiry, energetic New England Yankee, being not only a

native of Connecticut but also a direct descendant of John and Priscilla Alden. He spent many boyhood hours working in carpentry shops, and later paid most of his expenses at Amherst by teaching manual training.

Hall had a remarkably successful business career, first with the Curtis Publishing Company and then with the Ralston Purina Company. During that time he served as president of the Association of National Advertisers and the National Better Business Bureaus.

Then, in his early forties, Hall retired—because he had found that what he really enjoyed was his hobbies—photography, painting, carpentry work. Also, business duties had not left him enough time to be with his two sons and two daughters, then growing up.

For the next few years he traveled extensively, and began to develop theories about human welfare. The machine age, Hall reflected, had rendered man's hands—one of his most creative and useful tools—ineffective. Could the increase of crime and mental disorders be related to this in any way?



During the Depression, Hall observed people cracking mentally and physically, because, confronted with joblessness and enforced leisure, they were at a loss to occupy themselves. Out of his desire to help such people find security and peace of mind in creative hobbies came his dream of a school of handicrafts.

In 1931, when he was invited by Boston University to serve as a specialist on the constructive use of leisure, he introduced courses in handicrafts. In Boston, and later in New York City, Hall served as a trouble shooter for settlement houses, devising programs of arts and crafts intended to divert the interest of underprivileged and delinquent children.

In setting up such programs, he never forces his ideas upon people. At one settlement house he wandered in on a gang of boys and sat in a corner, tying sailor's knots with cord. Soon the gang leader came over to ask what he was doing. Hall explained, and then the other youngsters gathered around, all of them eager to learn the art of knot making. At later meetings, Hall introduced other kinds of handicrafts, and soon had formed a regular class.

Meanwhile, Hall's dream of a school of his own in New York was taking shape. "What I really wanted," he says, "was a completely new kind of school—one to make rather than carry out traditions. I was convinced that handicrafts would offer something to people of all ages, all races, and from all walks of life."

But when Universal opened in New York in August, 1935, only two students enrolled. By September, however, the number had increased to 17, and by December, 62 pupils were studying at Universal. Today, some 120 students ride the elevators daily to the top-floor classrooms at 221 West 57th Street.

Originally the classes were limited to basic crafts, such as weaving, leatherwork and metalwork. Now the school offers 65 courses, and has

a staff of 20 instructors. From Turkey there is Tania Tarpinian, who probably knows as much about lace techniques, New and Old World, as anyone in the country. From Scotland comes J. Leslie Fotheringham, weaving instructor; from Canada, Jean Boyd, instructor in leathercraft. Charles Upjohn, one of America's outstanding ceramists, teaches pottery making.

Students may enroll for any or several courses, but if a pupil wishes, he may also take aptitude and vocational-guidance tests to determine his specialized interests and abilities. The classes are small; schedules are flexible. Tuition runs from $1.75 to $3.00 a lesson, and courses range upward from a minimum of 30 hours.

In many cases, tuition requirements have been waived through a scholarship plan, and Universal has never turned away a student because he couldn't afford to pay. For several years the school, which functions as a tax-free, nonprofit institution, lost money. Not until Hall set up a retail store to sell supplies and equipment to hobbyists all over the world did he rid himself of financial worries.

As sole owner and president of Universal Handicrafts Service, Hall uses profits from this venture to provide scholarships and improve school facilities. Meanwhile, he continues to receive contributions, and has been given checks for as much as $10,000 by well-wishers.

DURING THE WAR, Hall helped to set up the American Red Cross basic-training school in Washington where more than 600 club and hospital workers learned arts-and-crafts programs for overseas work. Since the war, the school has worked with the Veterans Administration training hospital workers for therapeutic work. One of the best weaving specialists the school ever trained was an ex-GI who had lost one hand, yet used a metal hook so effectively that his finished products were works of art.

The school has also taken on research jobs for various agencies and companies. The weaving department, with the help of a student, developed unusual textile patterns for a manufacturer who wound up by putting the student on his pay roll as a designer.

An inexpensive and unusual type of button was worked out for a button manufacturer. And during the war, when the American Museum of Natural History was asked to prepare replicas of dangerous reptiles to train servicemen in their identification, the problem was brought to Universal. The school devised a method of casting the snakes in clay and painting them in lifelike hues.

More and more the school has lived up to its name—Universal. Recently an oil company in India wrote for help in developing a creative program for employees. A similar inquiry came from South Africa. Missionaries, trained at Universal, have taken crafts programs to China, Korea and Siam.

Hall's most recent work in the foreign field was developing crafts programs, at the request of the Netherlands Government, for some 21 institutions in Holland. For a boys' training school in one war-ravaged town, Hall recommended a cabinet workshop, and soon the

whole community began bringing in furniture-repair jobs.

For a "retired" businessman, Edward Hall has an amazingly full schedule. He arrives at school before 9 A.M.—usually the first one there—and stays until 6 P.M. Sometimes he drops back at night, to observe evening classes. And regularly he entertains groups of Universal students at informal meetings in his studio.

Besides these activities, Hall finds time to lecture and act as adviser to social and educational groups, and follows his own advice by practicing hobbies. Several times a week, he goes bowling to keep in trim. He cooks as a hobby, and weaves cloth for his own suits.

The school reflects Hall's own varied interests, as well as his belief that people should do the things they enjoy most, in exactly the way they wish.

"At Universal," says Hall, "we only teach techniques. But the student may use the technique any way he pleases. For our real interest is the student himself, not what he produces. Do you see this scarf?" Hall points to a delicately decorated bit of silk.

"The boy who did this was studying silk screening, and everything he made was decorated with bullfighting scenes. That was what he wanted to do and so we encouraged him in it.

"If a student came to me tomorrow and said he wanted to do a sculpture in chewing gum, I'd tell him to go to it. And who knows—it might be a lot of fun!"

Practice Makes Perfect

RECENTLY, IN A well-known church in a Midwestern town, two weddings were scheduled on the same afternoon, one an hour later than the other. A guest, invited to the second wedding, arrived late. As he sprinted from car to door, he stopped short. On the lawn outside the church was a mob of wedding guests, invited to the second wedding, and all were chattering and looking concerned.



An inquisitive soul, the guest strolled around to the side door to see what had caused the delay. There he found the bride and the bridesmaids nervously pacing the floor.

"Oh, oh," thought the guest. "No bridegroom." But on the other side of the church the bridegroom, too, was pacing the floor.

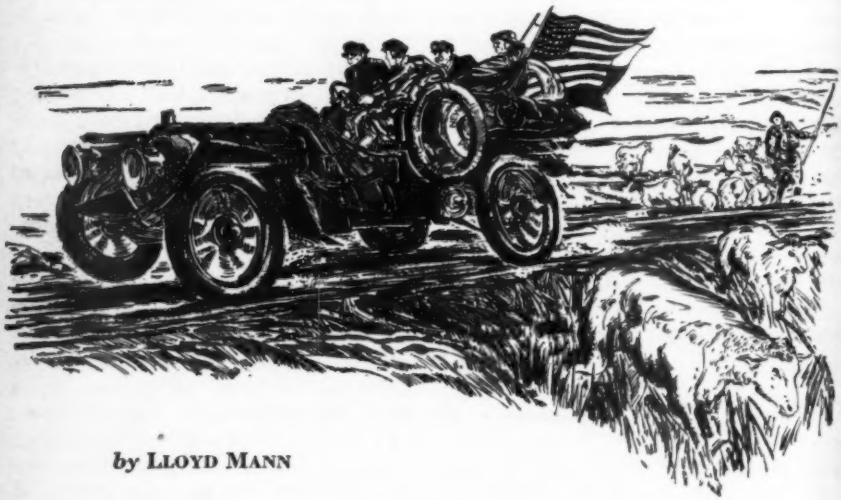
Inquiring further, the guest learned the second wedding was delayed because the minister and the first bridal party were doing the first wedding all over again. Why? Well, the mother of the bridegroom of the first bridal party was taken, upon her arrival, to a small room to await her turn to enter the sanctuary just before the wedding party. There she sat—while the wedding was held. The usher forgot to go back for her!

When the bridegroom's mother learned what had happened, she was mightily upset. "I'm not going to miss that wedding!" she stated. So, they did it all over—all but the processional!

—MARJ HEYDUCK

NEW YORK TO PARIS—by car!

Here is the true but fantastic story of an epic race



by LLOYD MANN

AT 11 O'CLOCK ON the morning of February 12, 1908, Mayor McClellan of New York fired a pistol amidst 250,000 shouting citizens in Times Square. The shot signaled the start of the world's most fantastic automobile race—from New York to Paris.

Three French cars (a De Dion, a Moto-Bloc and a Sizaire-Naudin), one Italian (a Zust), one German (a Protos), and one American (a Thomas Flyer) shot forward with a zeal that suggested that Paris was not more than a few hours away. The impression was wrong by about five months.

The venture was conceived jointly by the New York *Times* and the Paris *Matin* as a good-will international sporting event. The prescribed route lay across the U. S. to San Francisco, thence by boat to Valdez, Alaska, and overland to Nome. From there the racers were to sail to East Cape, Siberia, and start the perilous westward trek to Moscow, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Paris—a total crow-line distance of 19,200 miles. That was fine on paper. Actually, the Thomas Flyer accumulated 13,000 miles on land, 8,000 over water.

Up to a few weeks before the start, only foreign cars had entered. The *Times* was understandably

embarrassed and one of its editors pleaded with Montague Roberts, popular young racing driver, to dig up an American backer. Roberts approached Harry S. Haupt, New York agent for Thomas cars, and extolled the promotional possibilities of the race, an argument to which Haupt, with quite a few unsold Thomases in his warehouse, was susceptible.

He agreed to furnish a stock touring model (the only stock car in the race), but the Thomas Company refused to cooperate and Roberts had to spend $5,000 of his own money on special equipment. The Thomas was ready only a few hours before Mayor McClellan fired the shot heard round the world.

The race was scarcely half a day old when reports of the first casualty were flashed from Peekskill, New York. It was snowing so hard that the one-cylinder Sizaire-Naudin couldn't buck the storm and eventually abandoned the race.

"At Albany the snow was a raging blizzard," Roberts recalled recently. "That's where I outsmarted 'em. I swung over to the Erie Canal and drove on ice almost to Syracuse. Then, if possible, the snow got worse. Once I floundered only nine miles in a whole day; and in Indiana it took me 14 hours to burrow through the seven miles between Corunna and Kendallville. But I was first into Chicago.

"The newspapers were giving us fine publicity, and the Thomas people sent a man to Chicago with an offer to assume all expenses. I jumped at it. The whole race cost them no more than $15,000—a real bargain, as it turned out.

"Once rid of the snow, we wallowed through the 'gumbo' mud of Iowa and Nebraska. We could barely move; sometimes we couldn't. Farmers demanded fabulous prices for the loan of a mule and a piece of rope, but we had to pay. The Moto-Bloc couldn't stagger any further and quit. That reduced the field to four, one of each nationality.

"When I drove the Thomas first into Cheyenne, we looked as if we'd been dragged out of the bottom of a swamp; but they gave us a wild and woolly reception. Then I turned the wheel over to my mechanic, Linn Mathewson, and took a train home. I'd had enough."

THE THOMAS, DESCRIBING a long arc southward, reached San Francisco 42 tortuous days out of New York—12 days ahead of its closest rival—after covering 4,332 miles. Shortly before, the Germans drew the only penalty of the race—a 15-day fine—by rolling their Protos aboard a flatcar at Pocatello, Idaho, and shipping it to Seattle. The De Dion and the Zust, which survived a brush with wolves on the prairie, limped to the coast under their own power.

All four cars then gathered at Seattle, where the Thomas again changed personnel as follows: George Schuster, driver; George Miller, mechanic; Hans Hansen, observer; George McAdam, reporter for the *Times*. This crew stuck out the race to the end.

Adhering to the rules, the Americans embarked for Valdez, Alaska, to be greeted by the town's entire population. It was the first automobile most natives had ever seen. The Thomas chugged from the dock

to a near-by warehouse, spent two nights there and chugged back. That was its only run in Alaska.

Schuster took one look at the 12-foot drifts that blocked the trails out of Valdez and shipped the car back to Seattle. By this time the other racers had sailed for Vladivostok. However, for its effort to comply with the rules, the Thomas received a 15-day credit.

The Americans next hauled their car ashore from a sampan at Kobe, Japan, to begin a ghastly 350-mile trip to Tsuruga, on the northwest coast. Japan was virtually without roads, and such tracks as existed were pitted and strewn with rocks. Mountain passes were so narrow that the rear end of the car had to be lifted around corners.

Only ten miles from Tsuruga, conditions became so bad that the Yankees were forced to make a 200-mile detour to reach the town. Next morning, the exhausted travelers sailed for Vladivostok.

There the other racers had been ordered to await the Thomas. But the crew of the De Dion, at least, had not been idle: they had cornered practically all the gasoline in the city. Schuster badgered the American consulate and procured a little fuel, while the Zust and the Protos picked up a gallon here and there. International amity hit a dangerous low. Then, an hour before the scheduled start of the dash into Manchuria, the De Dion suddenly withdrew. It must have sensed what lay ahead.

Any fiction editor would discard as implausible the official report of the Americans' run from Vladivostok to Paris. The ordeal lasted 69 days, three-quarters of which were spent in trackless Siberia where the men slept in beds only five nights. The miracle is that they got through at all—alive, well and still barnacled to the Thomas car. But what about the Germans and Italians who faced the same dangers?

A few hours out of Vladivostok, the Thomas overtook the Protos, hopelessly mired. In one of the race's most sportsmanlike gestures, Schuster stopped long enough to haul his rival back to dry land. Then his own troubles began. Nebraskan "gumbo" was macadam compared to this Manchurian slime. At times three men floundered ahead of the car to pick out shallow spots, while Schuster cajoled, babied, flogged the Thomas from one mudhole to another.

Whenever they reached terra firma, everyone climbed aboard and Schuster planted his foot on the accelerator for as long as the terrain allowed.

Once they had to dig themselves out four times before noon. They mistook a 30-foot-wide river bed for a road and sank over the rear wheels. When they had planked and roped themselves back to the river's bank, a friendly native indicated that the "road" ahead was even worse. They thanked him and turned back to the one track Trans-Siberian Railway.

But that wasn't the ideal racing surface. For 420 miles into Harbin, they jounced over railway crossties. They had to maintain good speed in order to jump from tie to tie, since the span between them was almost the diameter of the car's wheels. The men were shaken to exhaustion and there wasn't a tight bolt on the Thomas. But miracu-

lously the tires held out. At Harbin they bought two barrels of gasoline and oil to add to their 800 pounds of luggage.

The run to Harbin, however, was only an apéritif. Now they bored into the uncharted, swampy loneliness of Siberia. Lost for days and nights, their clothing drenched, the Americans finally reached the outpost of Verkhae Udinsk. Were they in the lead? No, the Germans, with the advantage of speaking Russian, had sped through four days earlier. They could follow directions.

From here the trails westward appeared so forbidding that Schuster again switched to the Trans-Siberian Railway, an incredibly dangerous route. Once the car leaped the tracks and balanced on the rim of a 200-foot embankment. Later, upon entering a tunnel, they heard from the far end the roar of an approaching train. Schuster jammed the Thomas into reverse, shot back a hundred feet and bounced the car off the rails as the St. Petersburg Express thundered by.



WHENEVER THEY COULD, the Americans forsook the railway for the comparative safety of the muddy trails, but constantly they were forced back. To make things worse, they were lashed by torrential rains and battered by stampeding cattle. Rotten bridges buckled beneath them; loosened boulders tumbled in front of them.

They fought on mile after weary mile but where, they wondered, were the Germans and Italians? Imagine their reaction when, after their ferry had sunk and the Thomas had been floated to shore, they entered Kainsk to find the Germans there too. Before the latter could pull themselves together, Schuster stepped on the gas and shot westward in the lead. But still there was no report of the Zust.

Beyond the Irtish River, the Thomas plunged into an endless bog and the terrific strain broke the car's driving gear. Aided by the sign language, a blacksmith forged new parts and Schuster plowed on to the festive city of Ekaterinburg on the Asian-European border. He was still, so far as he knew, ahead. Here for the first time was an adequate supply of gas and oil, and, more important, beds. But the Americans rested only a few hours before they were off again along the caravan-cluttered road to Perm. Suddenly the gears of the Thomas gave way again. This time local help was unavailable so the desperate Schuster, commandeering relays of horses, galloped the 250-mile round trip to Kazan, leaving his impatient companions to guard the car. Every moment they expected to see the German Protos roar up behind them.

They hadn't long to wait. Five hours after the breakdown, the Protos loomed out of the east and shot by the stricken Thomas without so much as the wave of a hand.

The mishap cost the Americans four days and gave the Germans a commanding lead. But Schuster quickly took up the pursuit that led through Moscow, St. Petersburg and Berlin. Banquets greeted the weary men at each city, yet they never slept more than three hours before resuming the chase. Actually

they cut the Protos' lead to a single day and were steadily gaining.

When they rolled into Hanover, they were within striking distance of the Germans. Then, in a split second, their hopes were dashed. The gears broke for the third time.

At 8 P.M. on July 30, the Thomas, surrounded by cheering thousands, entered Paris four days behind the Protos. However, the 15-day credit awarded the American car for its excursion to Alaska, and the 15-day penalty levied against the Protos for its train trip in Idaho, spelled an easy victory for the U.S.—her first in an international auto competition.

In the excitement of the ding-dong finish, the fate of the Italian Zust had been ignored. There had been no reports from it since the car left Vladivostok. Consequently, Parisians were somewhat startled when the Zust rolled into their city around the middle of September. Its crew, led by driver Emilio Sirtori, had encountered the same nerve-rattling, Siberian perils as the others, plus a few dividends. But for their gameness in continuing the race, the Italians received their share of belated acclaim.

The battered Thomas and its personnel returned to a riotous welcome in New York. They even visited Washington to be greeted by President Theodore Roosevelt. And the Thomas Company began to reap a rich harvest. In a hastily published brochure it stated that, so far as their car was concerned, during the entire race "no valves were ground, no spark plugs changed, no crankshaft bearings replaced—in spite of traveling 8,000 miles in low gear. In fact, the car was never in a repair shop."

These claims may have needed a dash of salt but they were excellent promotional material. Not the least to benefit from them was the Harry S. Haupt agency. In a few months, they had sold all the cars in their New York warehouse.

The old, race-winning Thomas is still around; decrepit, to be sure, but not dead. It belongs to Henry A. Clark of Flushing, New York, who recently exhibited it at the Antique Automobile Show in New York. There was some question as to whether this really was the original car, but Montague Roberts, who knew every bone in its body and scar on its tissue, definitely identified it.

It isn't much to look at now with its sagging tonneau, rimless wheels and rusty engine. But there's something noble about its battle decorations—the flecks of Manchurian mud and the dents inflicted by stampeding herds of Siberian cattle.

The New Titleholder



THE LADY WAS sincerely interested in the many activities of her husband. "How come," she asked, "there's no lodge meeting tonight?"

"It had to be postponed," her husband explained. "The Grand, All-Powerful Invincible Supreme Omnipotent Sovereign got beaten up by his wife." —BETH MERRIHEW



Lady Santa to Lonely Children

A little boy's tears started her on a lifetime career of spreading happiness

by CAROL HUGHES

IT MUST HAVE BEEN Providence that brought young and beautiful Olive May Wilson into the post office at Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, that February day in 1913. At 16, she was gay, happy and without a care in the world: her family was what the neighbors called "well-to-do." She had gone into the post office to pick up her Valentine mail.

As she stood opening letter after letter, and the bright hearts-and-flowers cards came tumbling out, she heard someone crying. Turning, she saw a little boy in faded jacket and torn shirt, sobbing as though his heart would break. She asked the child what was wrong. He told her he wanted a Valentine. Immediately she offered him a handful of hers.

"No," he said proudly, "I want one of my own, with my own name on it through the mail."

It was a small thing, yet as Olive Wilson walked home she couldn't get the lonely little boy out of her mind. If a Valentine meant so much to a youngster without money, what would it mean to children in orphans' homes, hospitals and charity wards to receive real Christmas presents in their own names through the mail? She knew that organized charities sent great gift boxes to institutions, but they always went in bulk. More often than not they were discarded toys and old clothing.

Prior to this day, Christmas to Olive May Wilson just meant more toys and more clothes. Now she decided to change all of that. Enthusiastically she began to talk to family and friends about her next Christmas, one that was still many months away. She began to knit



little garments, and spent her own money for toys and stored them away. She set herself a goal of 500 gifts in memory of the little boy who had cried.

Her friends scoffed and said: "It can't be done." Olive just kept on working. She called her project Santa Claus Mail, and talked about nothing else.

As the months went by, her gift packages began to mount higher and higher, all brightly wrapped, each with an individual name secured from orphanages around Philadelphia. Then a thought struck her—how to get postage for all those packages. Undaunted, she took off for Washington to secure a franking permit to send her packages free. She didn't obtain the permit, but she did get an interview with President Wilson. The press picked up the story and almost overnight Olive became known as "The Santa Claus Girl of Philadelphia." Donations came in, and friends began to help. That year, instead of 500 toys she sent 5,000.

The little girl of 16 has not tired or given up in 35 years. Each year she has continued her operations on a larger scale, until now they encompass the world. Despite her marriage to Birchall Hammer, and despite the rearing of six daughters, "Mrs. Santa Claus" has never failed on her appointed rounds. Today she runs one of the world's largest voluntary enterprises for the sole purpose of giving unfortunate children a happy Christmas.

Year after year her thousands of toys and warm garments, all wrapped with love and care, and all bearing personalized cards, pour into the mails from the Hammer home in Jenkintown. Each toy has her individual attention, since each must be right for a little boy or girl. She says proudly:

"There is nothing of charity about our work. It is a labor of love and has been one of the greatest joys of my life."

Mrs. Santa Claus is always on the alert for some unusual toy. When she finds it, she buys one, takes it home, experiments with it. Then, if it is a good toy, she writes the manufacturer and asks for a special concession in gross lots. "I'm the world's best beggar," she laughs—but in most cases she manages to get her concessions.

THE SANTA CLAUS MAIL has never had a budget of more than $8,000 a year, yet on that Mrs. Santa Claus works her miracles. There are no salaries, no rent. Her office is her home—"and a mighty cluttered-up one it is," she says. She never fails to send from 60,000 to 70,000 toys to American children each year.

When appeals started to pour in from Europe, Mrs. Santa faced a problem. This time the plea was not for a toy but for clothes to keep a little child warm. And children's clothing costs a lot of money. Then she hit upon an idea.

Across the country were hun-



dreds of aged women in institutions, all alone, with time on their hands but no money. She asked them if they would knit for the children of Europe, provided she sent yarn, needles and instructions. Grateful letters came pouring back. They would love it. Soon Mrs. Santa had recruited 1,100 women.

Then she began to haunt wholesale houses to get wool at reduced prices. This was during the war, when most of the demand was for browns and khaki. Bright colors were available in quantities.

"That delighted me," she recalls, "because I wanted everything to be gay and colorful."

She sent out tons of wool. Then the little garments began to come back—bootees, sweaters, mittens—all beautiful in color and design. One woman knitted 100 garments in a single year. The time, the effort, the shopping, the mailing, the personal correspondence, were almost too much for Mrs. Santa Claus, but she never gave up.

The house became so filled with boxes that the Hammer family almost had to move out. When it came time for shipping and wrapping, Mrs. Santa decided to give an exhibition of the clothing for those who had worked. She opened up her home and filled room after room with garments, covering chairs, piano, desks and tables. In addition, the 10,000 wrapped toys for American children were piled on the floors. That year, she had more than 5,000 knitted suits for the children of England, France and Holland.

The methods of Santa Claus Mail are different from other charities, in that everything is done on a strictly personal basis. Mrs. Santa Claus does not want to operate through organized charities. "I have the highest regard for all of the work done by such charities," she says, "but when I buy and wrap my toy for Tommy or Jenny, I am thinking in terms of that child."

Recognition has come to Mrs. Santa Claus from all over the world. She did not seek it, but in writing for individual lists of names, her name became known to thousands of hospitals, orphanages and charity institutions. Letters of gratitude have come from everywhere. Heads of governments, high dignitaries and officials from organizations have called at her home.

Mrs. Hammer is pleased with such recognition, because she feels it draws people closer together. But the results of her work are quickly forgotten in the problems it presents. Last year she had a pathetic appeal from a hospital in France for toys for armless and legless children, casualties of the war.

"I did not know such things existed," she says, "but they do."

What kind of toy could one send to a child with no arms or legs? It must be something that could be operated with the mouth, yet it must have a meaning too. After weeks of searching, Mrs. Hammer found what she wanted. Called

"Magic Garden," it had a little tube attached to a piece of metal covered with colored discs. When the child blew in the tube, a whole garden of flowers seemed to appear.

"The youngsters were delighted," she says happily, "and we received grateful letters from the hospital authorities."

ANOTHER PROBLEM that often harasses Mrs. Santa Claus is what she laughingly refers to as "The Case of the Lost Jimmy." At least two months before Christmas the wrapping sessions begin in the basement of the Hammer home. Assisted by 11 childhood friends and their husbands, she checks over her lists and begins the selection of a suitable toy for each child. Sometimes a family will include ten children, with the list giving the name and sex of each.

"Imagine our feelings," says Mrs. Hammer, "when gifts are stacked wall-high and then someone glances to the floor and finds a dropped card which reads 'To Jimmy.' That means that in 1,000 packages, there is none for Jimmy. What would you feel like if, in a family of ten children, everyone got a present but you? We have to re-check those packages, even if it takes all night."

The Hammers live in an old stone mansion at 7 Fairacres Road in Jenkintown, one of Philadelphia's suburbs. Everything centers in the home. From November through Christmas, each Sunday is "open house" at the manse.

"There's a method to our madness," smiles Mrs. Hammer. "We put everyone to work, but doing so has made our house a happy Grand Central and we have indeed been blessed."

Mrs. Santa is a beautiful woman. Admitting to being a grandmother of 52, she looks 35.

"I have never had time to grow old," she says. "Being a mother, grandmother, wife and Mrs. Santa Claus has kept me too busy to count my years."

Although Mrs. Hammer has been ill and hospitalized this year, she still has managed to collect 70,000 gifts for American children and 10,000 packages for overseas. Currently, the most urgent appeals come from Greece, Finland, France and the Philippines. All will be taken care of, since Mrs. Santa Claus is universal. There are no races, colors or creeds in her Christmas mail.

"We know no hates, no boundaries, no differences of hearts," she says, "when a little child is crying."



Things in Reverse

A PREACHER WHOSE congregation regularly spurn seats in the front of the church was surprised to see one man, a stranger, in the very first row. After the sermon, the pastor asked the man why he sat down in front. The man replied that, being a bus driver, he wanted to find out how the preacher got people to move to the rear.

—*Telephone Topics*

The Magic Violin

A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

IT WAS A BITTER, raw Christmas day along the Thames, and an aged, stooped blind man, his fingers blue with cold, labored to play a cheap violin. Two well-dressed gentlemen, passing through the dreary London street, paused to study the melancholy figure.

One of them, a lean fellow with swarthy features, gently patted the blind man's flimsy overcoat. In broken English he inquired: "No luck, eh? Nobody give money. Bad day?"

"Christmas is a good enough day, sir," the old man replied. "But it is bitter cold and the good people are not minded to open their windows."

"Make them," the raspy, nervous voice said. "Play until they have to open!"

"I would to the blessed saints I could!" replied the old man, sightless eyes lifted as in prayer.

Suddenly the thin gentleman reached out and took the violin. "Maybe I play?" he said. "Maybe I make window open, eh?"

He removed his gloves, flourished the bow like a conductor's baton, then started along the streets. Now the cheap, cherry-red fiddle leaped to life. It became a thing of incredible animation; notes danced, raced, in a mad, tremendous scramble; lightning arpeggios, breath-taking cadenzas, brilliant vibrato, lyrical harmonics!

A window opened, and a shilling came tinkling down. Another window creaked frostily open, another, another, as the joyful music trilled along the bleak Thames on Christmas Day.

Money fell like rain into the hat of the second gentleman. Men and women listened, spellbound, while children ventured out of doors. Then the music stopped, and a hatful of silver clattered into the blind man's pockets.

"It is the Holy Time!" declared the one who had played. "There! You go home now. Buy enough to last one day. Have feast—one day."

"Your name—your name?" pleaded the old fellow as fiddle and bow were replaced in his trembling hands.

The other gentleman spoke. "He is called—Paganini."

—REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT LEVERING

Wheel-Chair Wizard of Radio



How a dauntless spirit helped Bud Ward win his epic fight for a normal life

by JOSEPH KUSAILA

A STRANGER PARKED his car before a neon sign at 24 Town Street in Norwichtown, Connecticut. The sign said: "Ward's Radio Service." Beneath it a cripple with a large head and bright shining eyes sat in a wheel chair. "Bud Ward around?" the stranger asked. "I was told he'd fix my car radio."

"I'm Bud," the invalid said with a grin. "I'll be glad to fix it." A few minutes later the surprised stranger witnessed an amazing sight. He saw an invalid paralyzed from the neck down fix his radio without touching it and using his voice alone!

Bud's performance that day would astound any stranger, but to the 25,000 people of Norwichtown and near-by Norwich his feats are commonplace. They know 30-year-old Ward as a radio wizard whose fight to lead a normal life is an epic triumph of spirit over flesh.

Bud Ward has suffered from spastic paralysis all his life, and his arms are strapped to his sides. Unbound, they would twitch constantly. His legs are affected in the same manner.

Bud mastered radio by assimilating some nine volumes of technical information. He "fixes" radios with his "voice" by directing the hands

of an ex-Marine apprenticed to him under the GI Bill. The apprentice, Eugene Raymond, 20, supplies the arms and legs, while Bud masterminds the operation.

Proof that Bud is no hit-or-miss radio expert lies in the approval by the State Apprenticeship Council of his request to train a man in radio work under the GI Bill. A state investigator found that Bud not only knew radio thoroughly but was heartily endorsed by Norwich competitors. The investigator reasoned that it wasn't necessary for Bud to "touch" a radio in order to teach its mechanics, and Board approval followed. A few months ago, the Board approved the application of a second trainee.

Apprentice Raymond says: "I work every day under Bud's direction. I take radios apart and put them together again. When I'm stuck, I ask Bud. What better way is there to learn this trade?"

Bud saw his first radio in 1926, when his mother took him to visit friends. She adjusted the old-fashioned earphones and he heard a strange voice announce: "This is Station KDKA, Pittsburgh." He became so excited he swallowed his gum. After that, radio was his Bible: he listened to it day and night.

When sets became common in the early '30s, Bud and his gang sat around the kitchen table dismantling radios and putting them together again. While other hands did the stripping, Bud's mind was busy memorizing the name and function of each part.

The big day came in 1940 when a friend asked him to fix a set. With the help of a companion, Bud repaired it and was paid two dollars. It was the first money he had ever earned. That was all the encouragement Bud needed. He bought a soldering iron and pliers and went into business.

Bud needed radio manuals and testing equipment, but all this cost more than he could afford. In desperation he asked a state welfare group to procure a $175 radio-manual set for his use. The answer was no. They cost too much.

Later, an anonymous friend gave Bud $12 a week, with which he bought radio equipment to install in the cellar. Today, Bud's shop compares favorably with other radio shops doing a similar volume of business.

IN ADDITION TO HIS radio feats, Bud is an accomplished baseball "player." Although he can't throw a ball or swing a bat, he coaches and manages the Norwichtown Athletic Club from his wheel chair next to the players' bench. And how did he learn to "play" ball? By radio—of course.

A great event in Bud's life was the recent installation of a special phone system in his shop. The telephone company rigged up an operator's headpiece which Bud wears constantly. He can stretch his right leg slightly—just enough to kick a special floor switch which signals the operator.

Not long ago, when the annual cancer drive was lagging, Bud kicked the switch and called the local radio station. He offered a free radio to the largest contributor to the fund. Swiftly the idea spread, and downtown merchants came through with hundreds of dollars' worth of free prizes. As a result,

the cancer fund was oversubscribed.

Bud's cheerfulness and understanding are a Norwich tradition. When weather permits, his favorite spot is the front yard, where businessmen and town leaders stop to chat. When business is slow or civic problems burdensome, they find him a fountain of cheer.

Three women are directly responsible for the success of Bud's epic struggle. His mother, silver-haired Mrs. Myra F. Linton, has fed, clothed and bathed him for 30 years. The two have always been inseparable, and his personality today is a strong reflection of her courage and understanding.

When Mrs. Linton's antiques business called her away from home, Bud was generally left with his aunt, Miss Marion Frink, or his grandmother, Mrs. Mary I. Frink. Their devotion has been equally inspiring. Grandma Frink, who died recently at the age of 90, turned the pages of his books daily for 12 years. But the process was so slow that Bud speeded it by learning to turn pages with his tongue!

A clothespin fastened to the top of the page was used as a trap. Bud's tongue would lick over a page, then push it under the clothespin to prevent it from rolling back. When the pin filled up, his grandmother released the pages and Bud started over again.

Western, detective and mystery yarns were Bud's early favorites, much to Grandma's disgust. But Bud's interest in action stories was natural. They gave him the adventure and excitement that paralysis denied him.

"Grandma didn't always understand that," he says, "but she was the most patient woman I've ever known, God bless her!"

Above all others, Bud's mother shares his happiness today—and is perhaps even happier herself. She has never forgotten a remark Bud made when he was 12. Carrying him upstairs to bed, she heard him muttering. When she tucked him in, she asked what he was saying.

"Mother," he answered, "there is one thing we'll have to do all our lives. Keep your courage up, keep your courage up. That is what I was whispering to myself."



Rules Are Rules!

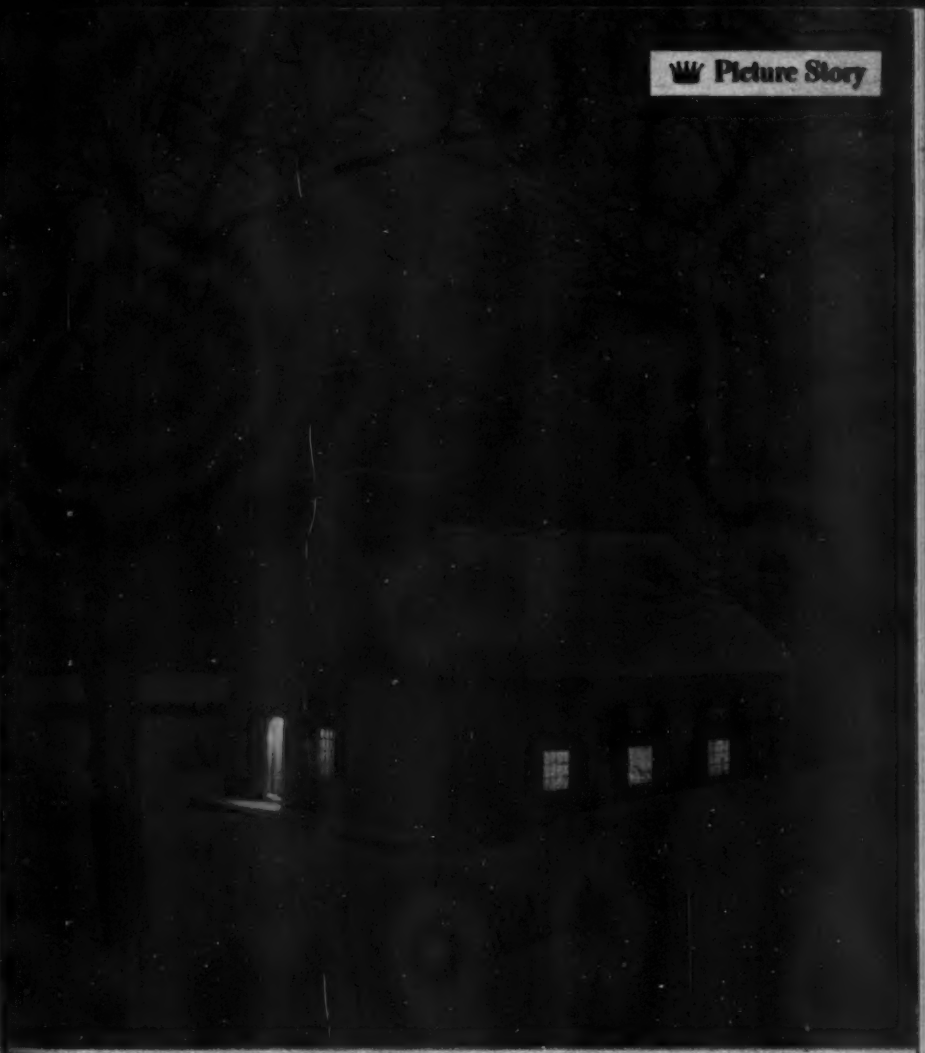
DENNIS MORGAN, screen star, tells the story about a swank club for men. One evening a dignified member walked in and was shocked to see women there for the first time.

"What happened?" he asked the club owner.

"We've decided to allow members to bring their wives in for dinner and dancing once a month," was the reply.

"But that's not fair," complained the member. "I'm not married. Will I be permitted to bring my girl friend?"

The owner thought for a minute and slowly replied: "I think it might be all right, provided she's the wife of a member!"—LEO GUILD



White Magic

—J. P. Folinsbee

Who looks on winter sees a fragile thing
Embroidered on the living tapestry of trees,
A mantle spun o'er rock-bound glen and wind-tipped spire.



Where autumn's flames have died along the hills,
There naked trees stand trembling on the russet earth,
Until a sombre cloud dissolves to cloak the world in splendor.



Fence posts stand knee-deep in snow,
And footprints—ever lost in summer's wealth of green—
Become a lacy netting, pinned to the flaring outskirts of the town.



The magic hands of winter brush the land,
Moulding crystal fantasies upon the shapes beneath,
Setting each stone adrift upon a silent sea of purple shadows.



An alien sun intrudes but brief dominion
On the northern realms of night. And from the quiet places
Shadows well up to fold their dusky wings across the ice-blue sky.



Winter pathways wind the woods around,
And lead the traveler at last into familiar ways,
To a hill-blessed house with a valley like a snowy apron worn.



To a wide hearth, and the chestnuts' glow,
And years that slip away with no awareness of their going
Down quiet lanes that vanish in a labyrinth of ended days.



But not in tranquil mood alone
Does winter walk. The swift assault of storm
Finds muted witness in the fiery prisms of a brittle bough.



Rippled meadows seize upon the light,
And every swirl and hollow steals a tinted ray
To weave a coral coverlet across the whiteness of the snow.



And on the mountain's steep and craggy height,
Where cataracts flow from starlit crowns of everlasting snow,
There, beyond the tides of earthly seasons, winter sits enthroned.



But every winter roadway leads at last to spring,
Rivers sigh beneath their icy sheath as the days grow long,
And in the land there is a murmur still too faint to be a song.

ANONYMOUS

I'm sorry I got a divorce

I had a small but perfect church wedding, and my friends told me I was a radiant bride. I should have been, for I was very much in love and as I stood at the altar with Chuck, I saw only years of happiness ahead ...

... Certainly as the minister read the marriage ceremony I could not foresee that, six years later, I would be standing in a courtroom while an impersonal judge growled: "Divorce granted. Next case."

It is not pleasant to trace the dissolution of a marriage. Nor is it easy to say exactly what thing or things brought it about. I only know that the time finally came when divorce seemed the only solution to my problems.

Chuck was a charming person, liked by everyone. He was good-looking, carefree and filled with good humor. Yet a week before our first child was born, Chuck told me that he had quit his job.

"I was a misfit, Helen," he said. "I couldn't stand it. Day after day, cooped up in that office."

I simply stared at him, too shocked to answer.

"Don't worry," Chuck said, taking my face between his hands. "It was only a job. I'll get another —one that I really like."

Next week Chuck had a new job, and when Kay was born he was delighted. He brought gifts to the hospital—cuddly animals for the baby and lingerie for me. But it never occurred to him that we could not afford them.

When Chuck quit his job the second time, I didn't take the news as kindly, although he managed to make his reasons plausible enough. A man with a wife and child, he said, should find a job for which he was really suited, then settle down.

For a while it seemed as if he had found it this time. Chuck secured a larger apartment, furnished it lavishly, opened a charge account at almost every store in town. But with his unfailing knack for mismanaging money, our bills were never paid in full.

Shortly before our second child was born, Chuck decided to go into

business for himself. "Why work your heart out for somebody else?" he asked persuasively.

The business lasted just six months. Although Chuck had used his credit to the limit, he could not bring himself to hound his debtors for money. "They're my *friends*," he explained.

"The grocer and the milkman are my friends, too," I said stonily, "but I can't pay them."

The next job and the next were harder to get, and there were longer intervals between. As my clothes and the children's grew shabbier, I became nervous and irritable. But not Chuck. Nothing seemed to dampen his spirits.

Chiefly to shame Chuck, who was working only three days a week at a radio station, I took back my old newspaper job—after my mother had promised to take care of the children. But Chuck didn't worry. "Don't blame you a bit," he said. "The days I'm not working I can take care of the kids. It'll give your mother a chance to get out now and then."

I had intended to work only long enough to put us on our feet financially, but I found it hard to quit. Chuck's salary went for clothes for himself, cigarettes and poker. Mine barely covered the rent and groceries. We quarreled more and more frequently—and always about money.

I DON'T KNOW WHEN the thought first occurred to me that the children and I could manage better without Chuck, but it kept recurring until it became almost an obsession. A woman couldn't love a man she didn't respect. It sounded like a line out of a bad play—but it was true. The fact that he was a gentle husband and a devoted father no longer seemed sufficient compensation for insecurity.

When I told Chuck of my decision to divorce him, he was hurt, bewildered, and finally pathetic. But as I listened to his pleas and promises, nothing happened inside of me. It was too much like listening to an old phonograph record.



If I was ever censured for divorcing Chuck, I never heard about it. In fact, I think most of my friends wondered why I hadn't done it before.

I gave up the apartment and moved back to my mother's. Chuck left town and, as if to vindicate himself, took a job in Chicago. For six months he sent checks for support of the children—I had not asked for alimony—and with that money plus my salary, I was able to contribute my share toward the household expenses and make regular payments on our six-year-old accumulation of bills.

Gravitating between home and office, I seldom saw my friends, yet I was satisfied. Life became curiously peaceful. I gained a little weight, slept better. Although the children missed their father, it was easy to convince myself that the divorce had been a good thing—for all of us.

Then my mother died, suddenly. In addition to my grief, I was faced with the problem of finding a responsible woman to care for the

children while I was working. For the next few months, woman after woman drifted in and out of the house. The children became difficult under incompetent handling and my work suffered because I was continually worrying about things at home.

Finally I quit my job and decided to stay home with the children and try to make a living at free-lance writing. My mother had left me a little money, plus the home. We had a place to live, and with the money that Chuck sent, we could manage until my stories began to sell.



Then suddenly the checks from Chuck stopped. When I wrote to his firm, they said he had been discharged and that they did not know where he had gone. I shrugged it off as another evidence of Chuck's irresponsibility, and returned to my typewriter. But writing for a living was a nerve-racking existence. Sometimes I would have a good month, and then would come only a pile of rejected manuscripts.

I was still undecided whether to keep on writing when I received the offer of a job that I found impossible to refuse—writing radio continuity for a station in a near-by city. I rented my mother's house, and set out to find a new home in the city. But after days of searching, I realized that there was neither a house nor an apartment—at any price. So as a temporary measure (I thought) I put the children in a boarding school in the same city and took a room for myself in a private home.

Six-year-old Kay adjusted quickly to the school, but Ruth, who was not yet five, was miserable. After each visit, she would hang on to me so fiercely that I had to tear myself away. Soon, these school visits became so emotionally exhausting that I learned to dread them.

Once again, I knew I had to make a decision. If Ruth could not live in a happy environment, her health might be impaired. Yet I was reluctant to separate the children. If they could not have a mother or a father, at least they should have each other.

At last I decided that Ruth's well-being came first, so I found a place for her in a private home where she could be given love and attention. The school and the home, however, were miles apart, and often at the end of the day I felt that I did not have the physical strength to visit the children. But somehow I always managed.

AS THE GIRLS GREW older, it became increasingly difficult to answer their questions about Chuck. One afternoon while we were shopping, Kay suddenly said, "Mama, when you were married to Daddy, was he ever mean to you?"

"No, darling," I said.

Kay looked puzzled. "There's a girl at school whose Mama and Daddy got a divorce, but *her* Daddy was mean." Then she added in a strained little voice: "If we had Daddy, we could live in a house again, and have fun."

I clasped her hand more tightly. "Someday soon," I said, "we are going to have a house again—you and Ruthie and I . . . ."

Chuck had been silent for months,

when one day a letter came. He had been ill in a hospital. He apologized for not sending money for the children, but had not worried because he had heard I had a good income. He was coming to our city soon to see about a job, and wondered if he could visit with the children.

That night I was unable to sleep. If I saw Chuck again, it would only open old wounds. But what about the children? It certainly was not fair to keep their father entirely out of their lives. So I wrote Chuck, telling him to come—and enclosed a check for $50.

The day that he was to arrive the children were almost wild with excitement. I picked them up in a cab and the three of us went to meet the train. Chuck looked drawn and thin, but there was an unnaturally high color in his cheeks. And as usual, he had come bearing gifts —bought with my $50.

The children ran screaming toward him and packages flew in all directions as he scooped them up and kissed their happy, upturned faces. A lump arose in my throat as I watched them, and again that feeling of guilt came over me. What right had I to take a father away from his children?

As if from a great distance I heard Chuck say, "You're looking well, Helen."

"Thank you. I *am* well," I said brightly, as if to a stranger.

Quickly I told him I had to go back to the office, but that he was to have the children for the day and I would pick them up at his hotel after dinner. Ruthie and Kay did not even bother to look back as they walked away with their father. I was left standing alone on the station platform.

That night I called for the children at the hotel. Their dresses were rumpled, their hands and faces grimy, but nothing could dim the sparkle in their eyes as they told me every detail about the wonderful day they had had—the trip to the zoo and the amusement park, and the ice cream, and finally dinner at the hotel.

I didn't look at Chuck when I said, "Say good-bye to Daddy, darlings. It's time to go."

"No!" they cried. "Daddy is coming too!" And they flung their arms about Chuck's neck.

Gently he disentangled their arms, and said: "Go with your mother now, girls. We've had a nice day. Sometime soon we can have another one."

Their eyes searched Chuck's face. They were not too young to see the heartbreak and defeat there. Then the light died out of their own faces and they followed me to the cab.

For some time after Chuck's visit, checks arrived regularly. Ruth was able to return to school and I located a small apartment so the girls could be with me for week ends. Even so, it still seemed as though we were all living only half a life.

I saw the girls growing up—not in a home but in a school where most of their companions were children whose parents were either dead or divorced. I saw my own life stretching ahead of me, no longer happily but ominously. I had neither time nor energy for outside activities, and into my working day I had to sandwich all the duties of motherhood. Yet when I found myself remembering the good times

that Chuck, the children and I had had together, I would force the thoughts out of my mind and concentrate on the routine problems that had almost driven me to a nervous breakdown.

"It is better this way," I would tell myself. "The girls have nice clothes. They are studying music, and taking French and dancing lessons. This summer, whether Chuck sends money or not, I will be able to send them to camp."

But there was no camp that summer. I had faced many problems since Chuck and I were divorced, but not until the night the headmistress called did I realize how desperately alone I really was.

"I don't want to alarm you, but Kay is quite ill and must go to the hospital," she said.

I stood alone in the waiting room while the doctors completed their examination. Alone, I walked the corridor outside the operating room, trying to time the minutes by the erratic beating of my pulse. And I was alone when the surgeon came out and said, "Ruptured appendix. General peritonitis."

I fought my way up from panic to hear the doctor say gently, "I think it would be wise to send for your husband."

"I have no husband," I replied dully.

From the look of compassion on his face, I could see that he misunderstood.

"I'll try to get in touch with her father," I said.

"Do," he said, and his voice was almost a rebuff.

I wanted to scream after him as he walked down the hall. "Stop! You don't understand. It wasn't my fault. If you knew the facts you wouldn't blame me. He was irresponsible. He was extravagant. He didn't provide adequately either for the children or for me."

But the words would not come to my lips. I was seeing Chuck as he bent over Kay in her crib—seeing him as he wheeled her proudly along the sidewalk in front of our dingy apartment—seeing him as he looked that night at the hotel when I had taken the girls away. And suddenly I remembered the question Kay had asked: "Was Daddy ever mean to you?"

FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS I spent most of my time haunting the hospital corridor or sitting beside Kay's bed. One day, after I knew that she was going to get well, her eyes flickered. "Mama," she whispered, "where's Daddy?"

"I don't know, darling. But if he knew you were sick, I'm sure your Daddy would come to see you."



Kay turned her eyes toward the wall. "I'm sorry you got a divorce."

"I'm sorry, too, darling."

I thought that I had spoken the reassuring words only to appease a sick child. To my amazement, I found that I really meant them sincerely.

Later that day I wired Chuck at his last address, but the telegram went unclaimed. And I did not hear from him until several months later, when he called to say he was in town.

"I just got one of your letters saying that Kay was sick. How . . .

how is she?" His voice was strained.

"Fine, now," I said.

"And Ruth?"

"She's fine, too. Would you like to see them?"

There was a brief silence, and when he spoke the life had gone from his voice. "It might be better if I didn't. Not any more."

"Chuck!" I cried. "Chuck, I'm sorry . . . sorry for everything."

Then I realized the connection was broken. He had not heard me.

Since then, Chuck has made no effort to see the children, nor has he written. My work requires much of my time and energy, but I am paid a good salary. Unable to rent a house, I bought one—paying more than I could afford. But I have my children with me, and I employ a competent housekeeper.

It is hard for me to give the girls many luxuries, but I do not mind that as much as the fact that I do not have the time to be the kind of mother I would like to be. And I have now come to believe that it would be better for the children to have an irresponsible father than to have none at all. Although Chuck has his faults, the children would certainly absorb some of his virtues —his charm of manner, his good humor, his affability.

If I had not taken on the responsibility of the family during the year before our divorce, Chuck might have "grown up." If I had adjusted my ambitions and my sense of values to Chuck's, the children might now have a better life than I am able to give them alone.

These, of course, are only conjectures. I will never know what might have been. It is too late for that.

I can only think back regretfully to the day when I decided that divorce would be the solution to all my problems. Someone should have told me that it would only leave more grievous ones in its wake.

Wise and Otherwise

When you see a married couple coming down the street, the one who's two or three steps ahead is the one that's mad.

—GEORGE SHURTER

All you folks who have troubles, remember the teakettle—it may be up to its neck in hot water but it always continues to sing.

—NORMAN ROSS on his Chicago WGN program

A reputation is a personal possession frequently not discovered until lost.

—WIN ELLIOT

A modest girl never pursues a man. Nor does a mousetrap pursue a mouse.

—J. MYRON ATKIN

Setting a good example for your children takes all the fun out of middle age.

—ANONYMOUS

There are two kinds of voters. Those who will vote for your candidate—and a lot of ignorant, prejudiced fools.

—ALAN MAUNCH

The bigger a man's head gets, the easier it is to fill his shoes.

—JOSEPH A. MULLINS

PORTRAIT BY IRWIN SMITH



CARLSON: Ajax of Science

by HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

DR. ANTON J. CARLSON, one of America's most famous physiologists and celebrated teacher of some of our leading scientists, probably knows more about the human body than anyone else. He has spent a lifetime finding answers to its activities.

Yet as far as he's concerned, many of them still remain unexplained: sleep, for instance—what it is, what it does. That is why, after

winning a trunkful of scientific honors, including presidency of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Carlson still considers the human body "an unknown continent, yet to be conquered."

Nevertheless, in his 73 years, Carlson has advanced our knowledge of the body considerably. His first independent research studies, for example, led to the end of a 100-year-old controversy among doctors and scientists—what caused the heart to beat?

Some scientists held that the beating was purely automatic and muscular. However, as more was learned of the nervous system, others came to believe that the action of the heart was stimulated by a nerve impulse.

As in many scientific controversies, neither side could prove a demonstrable case. Nerve tissue and muscle were so intimately interrelated in man and vertebrate animals that it was impossible to separate them—the only way to prove whether the heart would continue to beat.

Carlson, a young graduate of Leland Stanford University who had immigrated from Sweden several years before, set out to learn the answer. Almost immediately he abandoned work on vertebrate animals, hoping to find among the lower forms of life a simple heart that would yield the secret. Every day in his California laboratory, he examined crabs and fish brought fresh from the Pacific. But at the end of a year he had learned nothing.

Worse, the Carnegie Institution, which had provided him with a $500 grant, denied his application for a renewal. Discouraged, Carlson borrowed $500 to go to Europe for further study. But when he reached the East, he decided first to visit the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts, already famous among scientists. There he began to inspect marine specimens, many of which were unfamiliar to him because they came from the Atlantic.

Picking up a horseshoe-shaped crab, he pried off its shell and thus fully exposed the crab's heart. Carlson nearly exploded with excitement. The entire nervous system of the heart was visible! Seizing scissors, he snipped at one section of the stringy system.

That section of the heart stopped beating. If the whole nerve system was carefully cut away, the heart stopped.

Thus, within 20 minutes, Carlson had settled the 100-year-old argument. The heart's muscles were dependent on a nerve stimulant—at least in the horseshoe crab. Along with this, he further proved that the nerve and the muscle it controls act with parallel speed.

Carlson immediately abandoned plans to go to Europe; yet when he turned his findings over to the Carnegie Institution for publication, they sent them back. As a result, he had to publish his report piecemeal. But publication made him famous and brought him to the University of Chicago, where he has been ever since.

Called "Ajax" by his associates, Carlson is in many ways the Paul Bunyan of American science. Legendary for his feats, his aggressive skepticism and for charging in where angels fear to tread, he is

known as a "scientists' scientist" among laymen, and among fellow scientists as "the common-man's scientist."

Singularly unimpressed by anything that is not a proven, demonstrable fact, his blue eyes are filled with curiosity and skepticism. His language and his mind are blunt and direct, although after almost 60 years in America his tongue still retains the soft accent of Sweden.

Rangy, gnarled, his crew-cut gray hair making his head look almost square, Carlson looks like—and is—a battler. His famous question, "Vot iss de evidence?" has startled more than one half-awake scientific meeting as he arose to shoot down in full flight some half-baked theory.

Years ago, at the International Physiological Congress in Stockholm, Sergei Voronov read a paper on using monkey glands to "rejuvenate" men. Carlson leaped up, crying, "Vot iss de evidence?" Attacking Voronov's theory, he presented to the startled "best scientific minds" of Europe his own theory that sex hormones have "no influence" on longevity. The incident added considerably to Carlson's already growing fame.

Carlson's turbulent vigor, however, has not been confined to scientific matters. On several occasions he has thrown Chicago's City Hall into an uproar as he charged down upon politicians. He served the U.S. Public Health Service as a consultant, and for several decades has been an expert witness for the Food and Drug Administration, appearing in court to put his finger on manufacturers of quack products.

Not long ago he rebuked the medical profession for not treating alcoholics as sick people. Addiction is not a "sin," he declared, but a complex disease. To lick it, he called for a changed attitude toward addicts and for a research program into its causes and the opening of hospitals to alcoholics. This could be financed mostly, he went on with typical bluntness, by using a small portion of the three billions paid annually in Federal, state and local liquor taxes.



CARLSON'S MOST-FAMOUS work has been done on the stomach and on hunger. What, he wondered, is hunger? To find out, he began experimenting on his own stomach, "starving" himself for various periods, once as long as seven days. Before he was through, he had knocked out most scientific theories on the subject. Appetite, he discovered, really had nothing to do with hunger. Appetite might be aroused by sight or smell. That was why a man with a full stomach could still eat a tempting dessert.

Until Carlson staged his experiments, it had been accepted as scientific gospel that in starving you felt hunger pains only the first day or two, and then stopped feeling hungry. Carlson proved that the hunger pains were just as strong on the seventh day as on the first.

In his experiments, he swallowed (and had his colleagues do likewise) a small deflated balloon. When the balloon reached the stomach, it was slightly inflated. The neck was attached to a water-filled manometer so that pressure on the bal-

loon would force the water up and down. On the water rested a float bearing a needle which, bobbing up and down as a result of hunger contractions, scratched a line on graph paper. At the same time, while all the apparatus was out of sight, Carlson and his associates touched an electric key whenever they felt a hunger pain. These were recorded simultaneously on the graph, and coincided with the balloon-felt contractions.

The contractions came at regular intervals, whether the subject was awake or asleep, and no matter how long he had been without food. They did not come when the stomach was filled.

Carlson also noticed that after he had fasted a few days he felt weak, restless, and lost interest in things. But when he broke the fast and resumed hearty eating, he recovered his strength rapidly, felt "as though I had had a month's vacation," and plunged into his work like a new man. He concluded it wouldn't be a bad idea for everyone to starve for a few days, once or twice a year.

When Carlson began staging his stomach experiments, a young medical student brought a friend, Fred Velček, to the scientist. Carlson practically turned handsprings with joy, for Velček had a "window" in his stomach.

As a child in Prague, he had swallowed sulphuric acid which lodged in his esophagus, burning that tube to the stomach. In healing, the esophagus had sealed itself, making it impossible for food to pass to the stomach. A practical Czech doctor, watching the child starve to death, cut a hole in the stomach and inserted a tube through which he could be fed.

By the time the young Czech reached manhood and Carlson, a large rubber plug had replaced the tube. When Velček, or "Mr. V" as he came to be known to thousands of medical students studying Carlson's reports, wanted to eat, he chewed his food thoroughly, then spit it into a large hypodermic syringe and added water. Then, passing the nozzle through an opening in the plug, he pumped the meal into his stomach. The plug could then be removed and all the actions of the stomach observed.

In order to have Velček available at all times, Carlson got him a job as a laboratory-storeroom keeper. Then began the first of hundreds of experiments. Velček was fed everything from brandy to raw meat, while "Ajax" and his colleagues peered through the "window" at the internal workings of his stomach. They charted every movement, and the printed findings, which revolutionized thinking about the stomach, were published by Carlson in his classic book, *The Control of Hunger in Health and Disease.*

But Carlson is far from being a specialist in an age when specialization is the keystone of science. He has come up with something new in virtually every part of the body. He carried on experiments on the heart and circulation. He pioneered in work on the complex thyroid and parathyroid glands as well as the pancreas, which causes diabetes if it does not function.

The effects of malnutrition and the distribution of immune bodies in body fluids also were investigated. Yet even more important than Carlson's individual contribu-

tions was the fact that with his question—"Vot iss de evidence?"—he became the strategist of great biological campaigns, in which colleagues and students helped to uncover the functions of nearly every organ in the body.

Because of Carlson's work on hunger and nutrition, the Army summoned him in 1917 to help in solving its new problems in mass feeding. Later, as an expert on starvation, he traveled through Europe with the Hoover Food Commission, trying to check malnutrition. During World War II, he served as a consultant on the Army's food-research board and constantly ate K rations—and other experimental rations, many of them pretty bad. But, say his colleagues, "Ajax is never happier than when he's experimenting on himself."

In 1941, at age 66, he became interested in what happens to a human body falling through space, a problem in which the Army Air Forces was vitally interested. It was all his colleagues could do to keep Carlson from donning a parachute and jumping to find out.

Eventually, a young colleague made the jumps—five of them—from altitudes up to 16,500 feet, laden with a microphone, a motion-picture camera, a stop watch and an oxygen mask. Thus Carlson, and Dr. A. C. Ivy, then of Northwestern University, recorded what they call "The Physiology of the Free Fall Through Space," the most complete scientific work on what happens to your body when you parachute.

The intensity with which Carlson works is, to his colleagues, his most awe-inspiring aspect. His concentration amounts to obsession. When he is engaged on an experiment, discussion of anything else gives him the "yim-yams." He drives himself relentlessly and will not tolerate interruptions or even conversation.



Many years ago, when with Dr. Arno B. Luckhardt, famed discoverer of the great anesthetic, ethylene, he was mapping the nervous system of the stomach and other internal organs, the two scientists were working 18 hours or more a day, seven days a week. This had gone on for nine months and both men were extremely tired. Neither had permitted himself any conversation that did not relate to the work in the laboratory, and both had lost contact with their families.

The two men were neighbors. One night, when their experiments were nearly finished, they were walking home at 2:30 A.M. Luckhardt, trying to relax, mentioned a coming election and the high taxes in their district. He had hardly started when Carlson exploded.

"That's the trouble with you," he shouted. "You're interested in too damn many things! Taxes, politics, everything but work. If you were really interested, you'd be willing to go back to the lab and put in another six hours so we could get these experiments finished."

Sometimes Carlson's explosive arguments have shaken the University of Chicago campus, since he is no respecter of authority if he thinks it is wrong. For years he battled President Robert M. Hutchins over his "100 Great Books" program. Briefly, Carlson

believes it represents a retreat into the past rather than an attempt to solve the problems of today.

"Three hundred years ago," he cried once during furious debate, "Hutchins would have been a monk in a monastery. I don't believe in retreating from the world; I believe in staying in it and mastering it."

While "Ajax" was president of the American Association of University Professors, he tangled with Hutchins on another issue: teachers' tenure. At a meeting, a number of professors were discussing the fact that the University was not giving certain instructors secure tenure in their jobs. Previously, Hutchins had suggested that this would keep them on their toes.

"Mr. Hutchins has his anatomy wrong," Carlson roared. "What he means is that it will keep them on their knees!"

On the campus, Carlson's fame as a teacher overshadows even his scientific achievements. Today, because he has been a professor emeritus since he retired in 1940 as chairman of his department, he gives only occasional lectures. But there are hundreds of stories of his one-man show in the days when he carried a full teaching schedule. Even today, he rushes back and forth across the platform while lecturing. Suddenly he will stop and nail a lagging note taker like a district attorney trying his first murder case.

"Why aren't you taking notes?" Carlson once roared at a startled medical student.

"My pen ran dry," was the whispered reply.

"What are you waiting for—rain?" stormed Carlson.

Occasionally he goes in for dramatics. Once he had himself wheeled into class on an operating table. Somber, white-coated assistants drew blood from his veins and passed it around for inspection by the students while "Ajax" described the nature, function and circulation of blood.

However unorthodox his methods, students really learned in Carlson's classes. Hundreds became doctors, many became well-known scientists. Proud of his students, Carlson is prouder still of the fact that he never studied the techniques of education. He has his own ideas on the subject.

"A teacher," he says, "must be a leader. He must be out in front in his own field. But the most important thing is to show students that all knowledge is not in books—that the students themselves can contribute to man's knowledge."

"AJAX" IS AN ARDENT exponent of hard work, and constantly hurls verbal barbs at "chicks that chirp but won't scratch"—meaning lazy, unproductive members of society. He himself has been working since childhood, when his father died in Sweden. His mother, with seven children, had a desperate time, so at the ripe age of seven he became a sheepherder for a near-by farmer, in exchange for meals, a place to sleep and rough clothes.

"My mother," Carlson says today, "was a strong and wonderful character. She always believed that 'he who doesn't work, doesn't eat!' It is sound philosophy and sound biology, too!"

When nine, he went off to manual-training school where he learned the carpenter's trade. Meanwhile

his older brother, Gust, had gone to America, and when young "Ajax" was finished with school, Gust sent him money to come to Chicago and get a job as carpenter. Within 18 months he had paid for his ship's passage and saved $300. With that he set out for Augustana College and Theological Seminary at Rock Island, Illinois, determined to become a minister. And finally he became one, obtaining a church in Anaconda, Montana.

But what had happened to him in the course of his education now caught up with him. For one thing, a young geologist had taken him into the field and given him a geologist's history of the world, which differed considerably from the Biblical story. For another, he had been introduced to the scientific writings of Jacques Loeb, the famous physiologist.

For a long time before he left college, an inner struggle between science and religion had been racking him. His placement as a minister brought the struggle to a head. It came to an end one Sunday morning in Montana, when he told his startled congregation that he could not go on telling them things which he himself could not believe.

Carlson then went to Leland Stanford in California to begin his career as a scientist. Later, when he came to the University of Chicago, the city was impounding and killing 40,000 stray dogs a year, while hospitals, universities and medical schools could not secure animals for research. Obtaining permission to examine the impounded dogs, Carlson discovered that 80 per cent had goiters. Since these unwanted strays lived by scavenging garbage from man's dinner table, Carlson felt certain that if he could find out what caused goiters in dogs, he would also discover why human beings got them. Going to the mayor, Carlson asked if he could procure dogs for goiter research. The mayor, impressed by Carlson's arguments, said the law clearly stated that all impounded dogs must be killed promptly. "But," he added, "I could pardon some."



Carlson went to work on the dogs at once, and eventually, through his experiments and those of other scientists, it was confirmed that this type of goiter was caused by too little iodine content in the food. Since his discovery and the education of the public to it, this type of goiter has virtually disappeared among humans.

AT 73, CARLSON IS STILL going at a pace which wearies younger men, prowling about the laboratories, following new experiments. Physiologically, he is inexplicable. Though he no longer chops holes in the ice near his cabin retreat in Michigan to go bathing, he carries a heavy load of committee responsibilities and speaking engagements. When in Chicago, he tries to spend as much time as possible at home with his wife. One son is a surgeon in Dayton, Ohio; another is a public-relations man now with the government, while his daughter is married to a geologist who was with Byrd's antarctic expeditions. But none of them sees much of him.

However, one sign that he realizes he has reached old age is his in-

creased interest in the matter of longevity. In fact, the only experiments in which he is active today are attempts to discover the secret of longer living. Carlson's early discovery that a fast of one or two days was as good as a month's vacation has now been applied to longevity experiments which he is conducting with Frederick Hoelzel.

In attempting to make rats live longer by intermittent feeding, they found that animals which starved one day in three lived approximately 20 per cent longer than those fed every day. If this beneficial effect of intermittent fasting were confirmed in human beings, 100 years would be a rather common age.

Carlson wants to live longer because so many problems remain unsolved. "Don't weep for new worlds to conquer," he tells young students. "There are many big problems ahead.

"We need someone to discover a way by which we can quickly recognize malnutrition.

"We need someone to find ways of discovering immediately the bad performance of internal organs. One of our principal troubles lies in the fact that an organ in the body may be operating badly for years before we discover it.

"We stand before the virus problem just as we stood before the problem of bacteria 70 years ago.

"We are destroying the life-giving properties and fertility of the earth at a tremendous rate. It took up to 50,000 years to produce the fertile soil of Illinois, Ohio, Iowa and Kansas. Now we have ruined thousands of acres through bad farming practices."

Such problems keep Carlson facing the future rather than looking back on the past. With far more scientific accomplishments to his credit than most scientists, and at an age when nearly all men want to rest on their laurels, Carlson wears his fame like an old suit.

One day a colleague arrived at his home and found Carlson's young son tossing his many medals around, throwing some of them with their bright ribbons halfway across the yard. Somewhat shocked, he said to Carlson: "Look, Ajax, your kid's throwing your medals around and is ruining them!"

"Yes," said Carlson, "but they amuse him. Therefore they are serving their best purpose."



It Pays to Advertise



A help-wanted ad in the New York *Times* recently read, "Secretary with intelligence, personality, and at least three years legal experience for interesting post close to boss full of ideas . . ."

—EDITH GWYNN in *The Hollywood Reporter*

Ad in motion-picture trade paper: "Plastic surgeon will exchange a new nose for a three-room apartment."

—BARRY MACNEILL



Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

THE DEPARTMENT STORE engaged an efficiency expert, whose obsession was to move the departments to different parts of the store every day. One day a section would be on the top floor, the next it would be placed where the restaurant had been.

After three weeks of this, an old lady approached a harassed floorwalker and asked him if he could tell her where the drapery department was.

"No, madam," he said wearily, "but if you'll stand here a few minutes I'm sure you'll see it go by!"

—MISS JULIA KONRAD

WHEN A CERTAIN demagogic Senator, now happily retired, was holding forth in Washington, he was constantly engaged in feuds with his fellow-legislators and, in consequence, spent most of his time on the floor of the Senate, denouncing his enemies in potently picturesque terms.

Whenever this gentleman arose to speak, most of his colleagues fled the Chamber: but one, a former college professor, always remained in his seat, listening to every word with profound attention.

"Why," a fellow-member demanded one day, "do you always stay here to listen to that insufferable windbag?"

The professor laughed. "He fascinates me. I have yet to hear him make a grammatical error!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

A SALESMAN WAS traveling a country road when suddenly he saw a house burning. Running up, he pounded lustily on the door until an old woman opened it.

"Lady, your house is on fire!" he cried excitedly.

"Eh?"

"I say your house is on fire!"

She put her hand to her ear and leaned closer. "What?"

"Your house is burning up!" he roared at her.

"Oh! Is that all?"

"Well," faltered the salesman, taken aback, "that's all I can think of just now!"

—L. DUKE SLOSH

ONCE UPON A TIME there were two butterflies winging their way through the deep canyons of New York City.

"Phyllis," said Joe, the other butterfly, "you know, if I wanted to, I could blow over the Empire State Building."

A wise old man was passing by just then and he heard the boast of the butterfly named Joe. He called Joe over to him. "Why did you say that?" he asked. "You know you cannot blow over the Empire State Building."

"Forgive me," whispered Joe. "I

was just trying to impress my girl, Phyllis."

"Don't do it," was the wise old man's reply.

The butterfly named Joe flew back to the butterfly named Phyllis. "What," she asked, "did that wise old man say?"

"He said," replied Joe with a shrug of his wings, "he said, 'Don't do it.' "

—Aileen DeJong

"THAT PRETTY GIRL seems to be having a good time."

"Oh yes; her fiancé, a young medical officer in Germany, is coming here to marry her next month."

"Well, she certainly seems to have solved the problem of what to do till the doctor comes!"

—*Grit*

YOUNG WALLACE was an inquisitive child and had been barraging his father with questions.

"Papa," he was asking, "is it true that Edison made the first talking machine?"

"No," sighed his father, "God made the first one, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off."

—Stuart Wylie

A MANHATTAN HOUSEWIFE wanted a maid for a small flat and went to an employment agency to make known her requirements. Next day an applicant was at her door. She was a girl newly arrived from Finland.

"Here," thought the housewife, gazing on the innocent countenance, "is a fresh, unspoiled creature—exactly what I want."

But in answer to each question—"Can you cook? Can you scrub floors? Can you wait on table? Can you sew?"—there came an emphatic shake of the head and an equally emphatic "No!"

"Then what *can* you do?"

A broad grin crossed the Finnish girl's face and, in a tone of pride and triumph, she said, "I can milk reindeer."

—From *Fun for All* by George McManus, *World Publishing Company*

WHILE AT THE COUNTY fair, a middle-aged farmer took his wife into a tent where a rumba dancer was doing her act. The farm wife stared for a moment at the active terpsichorean and whispered, "Sam, I think we'd better get out of this place."

Sam pointed to the platform and said, "Let's wait till she gets over her stage fright, Ma. The poor little thing's just so scared she's shakin' in her shoes."

—*Wall Street Journal*

LEONA HAD JUST given notice she was going to be married. Her mistress, perturbed, declared she didn't want to put any obstacle in the way of her getting married, then added, "I wish, though, that you'd postpone the wedding until I can get another maid."

"Well," Leona replied, "I don't hardly know him well enough to ask him to put it off!"

—Katherine DeLong

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.



The World of Fashion

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH ORKIN

IN 1947, AMERICANS engaged in a dispute the like of which had not been heard since the question of bobbed hair turned husband against wife in the 1920s. The issue was the New Look—fashion's phrase for skirts six inches longer than the year before. Today, the New Look is an accepted fact. How did it happen? Basically, because women just like a change every so often. But the sensitive instrument which calculated the exact time for a change was the women's fashion industry—a more-than-$8,000,000,000-a-year business dedicated to making the American woman the most attractive in the world.



In a few intimate salons, the creative spirits of *haute couture*—high fashion—among whom Charles James (*above*) is a leader, start trends which send skirts up or down, pad or unpad the female figure.



designs are not luxuries. They represent fashion research. My clients are ng the first to take up new trends. They are fashion leaders.



But the American genius does not stop with expensive creation for a limited market. Guided by high fashion, firms like Henry Rosenfeld Inc., *(above)* mass-produce smart clothes for the average wardrobe.



In giant workrooms, where a single expert can whip in 100 pairs of sleeves a day, 400,000 workers contribute to the avalanche of garments which make the American woman the best-dressed in the world.



Jammed into a few blocks along New York City's Seventh Avenue, 1,260 firms produce almost 100,000,000 dresses a year. This is the fiercely competitive center of the fashion wheel, the heart of an industry.



To make a dress a living, personal thing, the fashion industry seeks out lovely women to show it—the models. Their own beauty subtly implies that in *this* dress there is the sparkling glamour all women want.



At model agencies (*above, Powers Agency*) girls receive their assignments. They report for fashion photographs and fashion shows—all important first steps in introducing style to the consumer.



When a model is not on assignment, she makes the rounds, calling on famous photographers like Musy *(above)*, leaving pictures to remind him that *hers* are the face and figure he will need for future jobs.



The task of glamorizing clothes is a trying one. Fashion photographers (*above left, William Ward*) seek to produce an image of loveliness that will appeal to a 54,000,000-woman audience.



Give me more expression . . . you're too static. Smile . . .



Your head a little to the left . . . no, look over your shoulder!



Look dreamy . . . Smile . . . Show your teeth . . . that's it.



Hold it . . . hold it . . . Now. That's it.



The fashion show is the crucial moment for a new design. Here, amidst soft music and sleek opulence, buyers and other fashion experts decide whether *this* is the dress to order for *their* stores.



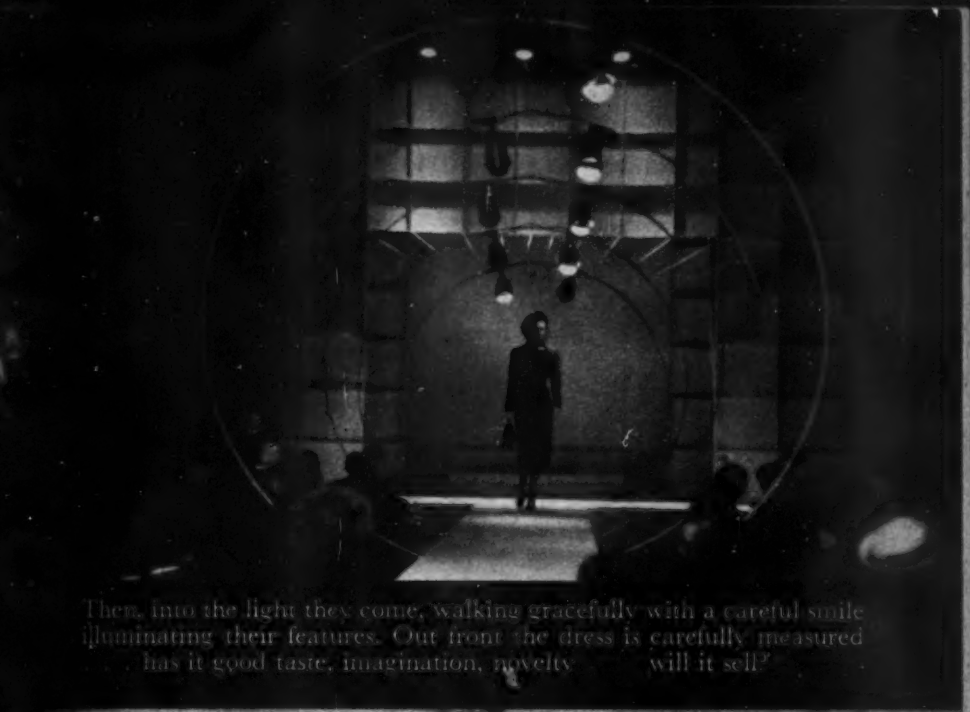
Backstage the air is electric with anticipation. Only top-flight models are chosen for a showing, and even a *Life* cover girl (*Helen Sinclaire, 1947*) is tense as the moment draws near.



At a show like that staged by *Glamour Magazine*, the work of designers, cutters and manufacturers hangs in the balance. The models make their final preparations. It's like the opening night of a play.



. . . a hat adjusted a fraction of an inch . . . a glove tightened . . . standards are high . . . perfection is a bare minimum.



Then, into the light they come, walking gracefully with a careful smile illuminating their features. Out front the dress is carefully measured . . . has it good taste, imagination, novelty . . . will it sell?



In the last analysis, this is where New Looks are born.



The buyers' decisions come to life in America's department stores and specialty shops. On the racks and dummies of these establishments are clothes unexcelled anywhere in the world.



This year, metropolitan women will spend an average of $250 for clothing, and each decision is carefully weighed. They call it "shopping"—a tireless going from store to store for exactly what they want.



Here, then, is the world of fashion. It has one aim: to make the American woman—married or single, housewife or career girl—an undisputed titleholder: "Best-dressed woman in the world."

The Helpers of Hollywood



by EUGENE BURNS

How a bridge club started out to spread Christmas cheer and became the greatest little charity organization in the world

MOLLY SAUBER WAS way off her regular Saturday-night bridge game. Guiltily she kept glancing at the mound of brightly wrapped gifts under her children's Christmas tree. Most of the packages had been brought to the Sauber home by the visiting couples, yet she couldn't bring herself to tell them of the gamble she had taken with their loyalty.

Finally, when the game had ended and the men had gone to the kitchen for sandwiches, she spoke up: "Listen, girls—our kids will enjoy plenty of Christmas gifts, but I have a list here of 20 families, mostly Mexicans, who will go empty-handed unless we do something about it. I promised a social worker that our bridge group would fill 20 baskets. Any objections?"

That was in 1933, when times in Los Angeles were hard, although the husbands—jewelers, newspapermen, salesmen, movie writers, film cutters and actors' agents—still had jobs. In a jiffy, the 12 women descended on their men.

Henrietta Arnow spoke first: "Boys, we need your help. We have plenty to eat"—the heaped sandwich trays lent emphasis—"but 20 families are going to have a hungry Christmas unless . . ."

Mrs. Arnow didn't have to finish. The warmhearted response was immediate. And conscientious Molly Sauber went along to deliver those 20 crammed baskets. What she saw in the recipients' faces filled her

with a firm resolve. "From now on, we 12 women are going to devote our bridge-playing time to helping others," she said

In the last 15 years, this little band of housewives, all with growing children, have quietly collected more than $300,000 and distributed it secretly to the lonely and needy. The 12 simply sign their good works, "The Helpers."

How do they do it? Each Thanksgiving Eve, The Helpers stage a dinner dance with an all-star Hollywood floor show at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. They sell 1,000 tickets, and 1,000 people come at 8 o'clock and stay until 2. Today, instead of going out to sell tickets as in the early years, The Helpers are beseeched for admissions at $25 a couple. Yet these ticket fees are not the chief source of funds, since they scarcely pay for the excellent dinner and two orchestras. Ingenuity is the secret.

Each year, The Helpers issue a souvenir journal which contains messages and testimonials from Hollywood notables. Payments run as high as $1,000 a page, depending on the generosity of the giver. And when you remember that the journal runs to 200 pages, it is easy to see how the funds roll in. In the early days, however, there were obstacles aplenty for The Helpers.

In the second year of their program, the 12 women called on pastors, priests and rabbis to get the names of Los Angeles' neediest families. "The results were frightening," recalls Hattie Bilson. "We simply couldn't take care of the thousands of destitute cases. So to make our funds do the most good, we decided to seek out the neediest."

Most of the families they helped that Christmas were living in shacks —often six or eight in a single room. One family of five aroused especial sympathy. Two of the children were tubercular, the cooking gas had been turned off, the plumbing did not work. The Helpers paid the overdue fuel bills and rounded up a plumber on Christmas Eve to make repairs. By midnight, the family had a kettle singing on the stove, an icebox filled with food, and new clothes were ready for the youngsters' Christmas Day.

At the next meeting of The Helpers, Molly Sauber said: "When I saw those sick children, I realized that we must do more than just help during Christmas week. Our program must continue the week after, and all through the year."

After conferring with social-welfare agencies, The Helpers found that facilities in the Los Angeles area for the care of underprivileged children susceptible to TB were inadequate. Soon they located a building at Duarte Sanitorium and installed X-ray machines, together with fluoroscopes and other equipment to make exacting respiratory diagnoses. The result of the project was the Children's Clinic of the Duarte Out-Patients' Home, a model clinic for the prevention of tuberculosis.

Next, the conscientious givers found that there was another neglected aspect to TB prevention work among children—malnutrition. They hired a dietitian and social worker to teach underprivileged mothers how to live on a budget and yet buy proper food for young bodies. Since the clinic opened in 1936, more than 15,000

adults and children have been treated there.

"At first we Helpers thought that the clinic was a tremendous undertaking," says Mrs. Sauber. "But our next job proved to be even more challenging."

For the last six years, The Helpers have called regularly on some 4,000 hospitalized veterans in the Los Angeles area, leaving gifts of candy and cigarettes. When the smiling women go through the wards, bedridden veterans call out cheery greetings.

"It's a real pleasure to see The Helpers arrive," says Dr. Ernest V. Edwards, manager of the Birmingham Veterans Administration Hospital. "They have the knack of making every veteran feel that they came expressly to visit him."



Since V-J Day, The Helpers have installed cushioned seats in the hospital's theater, and have given a lighting system for the softball diamond so that visiting teams can play there before convalescents. When the weekly hospital newspaper, the *Birmingham Reporter*, was about to collapse for lack of funds, The Helpers underwrote the necessary $5,000 a year.

Says Dr. Edwards reverently: "Thank God for The Helpers! They are the greatest little charity group in the world."

WHEN THE HELPERS decided to hold their first hotel party in the spring of 1934, they contracted for 400 places at $5 a plate. But more than 700 people showed up, and extra tables had to be arranged hurriedly.

Next year, they changed their spring date to the more appropriate Thanksgiving Eve, and decided to sell 1,000 tickets to the Biltmore Bowl. To procure talent for the floor show, The Helpers turned logically to one of the husbands, Max Arnow, talent executive at Columbia. Since then, Arnow has delivered each year an all-star, two-hour routine of comedy, dancing and singing.

His roster is a Who's Who of Hollywood. A glance at the names beginning with "B" should suffice: Kenny Baker, Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen, Joan Blondell, Bobby Breen, Joe E. Brown, Burns and Allen. And the list, which winds up with Sophie Tucker, Rudy Vallee, Ethel Waters and Robert Young, takes a full page to record.

During the month before Thanksgiving Eve, The Helpers meet at least four times a week, for there is a vast amount of work to be done. One member, for example, has sent out as many as 2,000 letters, written and addressed by herself. The Helpers even pay their own postage bills, so that the fund may remain as large as possible.

"Most charity benefits consider that they have done well if they clear 40 to 50 per cent," says one proud husband. Then he brags: "But our wives have always cleared more than 75 per cent."

The war years, of course, magnified the work to be done. The Helpers made weekly visits to hospitals. When they learned that a convalescent home for servicemen's wives needed help, they provided it. When it was almost impossible to round up candy and cigarettes, particularly with gasoline and tire ra-

tioning, the group pitched in and saw that Mrs. Sauber had plenty of gas and tires, while they walked.

"There were times," Molly recalled recently, "when I thought the job was impossible. The terrific hours and work seemed to take all the energy I had. But when I got one job done, it gave me renewed strength to do the next."

Although hundreds have offered to serve, The Helpers have never increased their original number of 12. "We are mighty proud of our work," says Molly, "and we're afraid that if more came in, our program would lose its personal quality. As things stand now, The Helpers are a close-knit team on which everyone pitches when her turn comes. Since we started, each of us has served as president."

A major effect of The Helpers' charity has been upon themselves. They know that their program is a remarkable one to be undertaken by 12 ordinary housewives, and their work is reflected in their own living. Are they married? Every one! Do they have children? Every one! Have they ever had a divorce among the group? Not one! And all because charity has a way of beginning at home.

This year's president, Molly Sauber, sums things up thus: "Our work is an everlasting challenge, yet our reward is the best in the world—the gratitude of the people we help. The need which we found existing in Los Angeles is duplicated to some degree in every community in the United States.

"What The Helpers have done, any group of women can do in any town, anywhere, with programs suited to local requirements. They will find, as we did, that here is one worthy cause that pays rich and enduring dividends to all concerned."

For women in other communities who would like to launch similar enterprises, The Helpers stand ready to answer questions and give helpful advice. Address inquiries to one of the founders, Mrs. Jerry Hoffman, 12805 Hortense Street, North Hollywood, California.

The Invisible Pilot

CAPT. CHARLES E. YEAGER, the 25-year-old pilot who was the first flier ever to travel faster than sound (and crack the sonic wall), delighted the Washington press corps when he was asked how it felt to fly at such tremendous speed.

"I can only describe the sensation," he replied, "by telling you the story (it's not new) of the flier, who, like myself, was testing a rocket ship. He released one rocket



and exclaimed, to himself, 'Oh, wonderful' as the plane reached the speed of 500 miles per hour.

"Then he pulled the second rocket, the plane soared to 600 miles per hour and he said 'Terrific.' He released the last rocket, the plane hit the 700-mile mark, and he shouted, 'Oh, Lord'—whereupon a voice from the rear replied, 'Yes, my boy?'

"That's exactly how I felt."

—KUP, CHICAGO *Sun-Times Syndicate*

DO YOU REALLY SEE?

You look at lots of things every day, but how accurately do you *see* them? Test your secret powers of perception with these simple questions concerning everyday objects.



Chalk up five points for each correct answer. Score: 90 or over—sharp vision; 75 to 85—clean your glasses; 60 to 50—better have your eyes examined. (Answers on page 140.)

1. From the audience's point of view, the American flag should stand (a) at the left, (b) at the right, (c) squarely in the center of the speaker's stand.
2. The width of standard U.S. railroad tracks is (a) 4'8½", (b) 3'6", (c) 5'.
3. Excluding serial numbers, the designation "one," both numeral and word, appears (a) 18, (b) 25, (c) 12 times on a one-dollar bill.
4. The regular issue of U.S. three-cent postage stamps bears the likeness of (a) Washington, (b) Jackson, (c) Jefferson.
5. There are (a) five, (b) three, (c) four standard time zones in the U. S. proper.
6. In those books that carry all three, you may expect to find the list of illustrations in the (a) front with the table of contents, (b) front with the index, (c) rear with the table of contents.
7. The standard dinner fork has (a) three, (b) five, (c) four tines.
8. Snowflakes are (a) always, (b) frequently, (c) never of a six-pointed design.
9. The most common types of streetcars have (a) ten, (b) eight, (c) twelve traction wheels.
10. The standard typewriter has (a) four, (b) five, (c) three rows of keys.
11. In the list of credits at the beginning of a movie, the name of the (a) producer, (b) writer, (c) director normally appears last.
12. Whenever a single rainbow is observed, the (a) red, (b) blue, (c) green color band appears at the top.
13. Practically all maps are printed with the sheet indicating (a) magnetic north, (b) polar north, (c) the longest axis of the state or country concerned.
14. It is accepted plumbing practice in most places to install the hot-water faucet on (a) your left, (b) your right, (c) whichever side is most convenient.
15. A conventional clock face has (a) 60, (b) 61, (c) 59 minute marks.
16. Phonograph records are usually designed to be played (a) either direction, (b) counterclockwise, (c) clockwise.
17. The length of a standard American cigarette is approximately (a) 3", (b) 2¾", (c) 2¼".
18. It is (a) frequently, (b) never, (c) occasionally possible to observe a full moon in the western sky at 10 p.m.
19. Interstate highway route markers are (a) shield-shaped, (b) round, (c) square, with the inscription "U. S." above the number.
20. Whenever possible, airplanes land and take-off (a) with the wind, (b) against the wind, (c) across the wind.



Adam Worth, Napoleon of the underworld, stole millions on four continents, yet he ended up as a pauper and an outcast

The Little King of Crime

by DAVID DRESSLER

WHEN A BOY WAS BORN in 1844 to two obscure German immigrants in Cambridge, Massachusetts, it was a significant event for the police forces of the whole world. The infant, christened Adam Worth, was ultimately to be called King of the Thieves. During almost half a century of criminal activities, he was to steal some $2,000,000—and serve time only once. Pinkerton detectives, who knew all the major felons of the century, called him "the most remarkable of them all."

Adam was born tiny, and stayed that way. Like many people of small stature, he early developed what psychologists call the Napoleonic complex. Refusing to become a poor tailor like his father, at 14 he ran away to New York, where gold, he said, could be picked off the streets. But he discovered that even in fabulous Manhattan people had to work for a living.

When fortune came too slowly that way, Adam became a pickpocket. At 20, he headed a famous band of dips, yet he was irked by the fact that other criminals rated

his profession at the bottom of the heap. At the top, he discovered, were the safe-crackers.

One day he walked up to Ned Lyons and Big Jim Brady, New York's leading yeggmen, and asked to be taken into their gang. Politely they indicated that they couldn't use any amateur.

"All right!" cried Adam, "I'll show you what I can do! Next time, I won't be asking to join you. You'll be asking me!"

Forming a gang of his own, he sent henchmen over the country to spot likely prospects. One reported that the Boylston Bank in Boston looked ripe for the picking. So Adam rented a vacant store adjoining the bank, and set up a patent-medicine shop. He filled the windows with bottles, to give the shop an air of legitimacy, while in the rear his gang built a partition. Between it and the wall they worked night after night, cutting through.

When a grim-looking policeman walked in, the men behind the partition held their breaths. Adam eyed the officer, awaiting his move.

"Say, doc," asked the visitor, "will your stuff cure rheumatism?"

Adam vowed it would, and sold him a bottle.

Finally only thin plaster separated the thieves from the vault next door. On the night of November 20, 1869, they broke through, opened three safes and decamped with $1,000,000 in money and securities. Overnight, Worth became famous among professional thieves. Only 25 years old, weighing 150 pounds, standing five feet four inches, he was rated a master.

But such a hue and cry was raised over the bank robbery that Adam had to flee the country. He sailed for England, and there, as Harry Raymond, exporter, he took a house in fashionable Piccadilly. Living in elaborate splendor, he bore himself so aristocratically that society was soon inviting the elegant Mr. Raymond to parties.

After setting up crime headquarters in a low dive, the Blue Anchor Inn, Worth brought into his employ the greatest criminal specialists of the day. Soon, more than 100 felons were being sent out by Adam to do the work he blueprinted. A wave of jewel thefts, forgeries, counterfeiting jobs, robberies and swindles swept England. By the late '70s, his tentacles had spread to Europe, Asia, Africa and the United States. Steamers plying between Calais and Dover were looted of gold cargoes; robbery of a Calais-to-Paris express train netted 700,000 francs.

Thieves came to Adam for advice, and so powerful did he become as the '80s began that police admitted no professional crook would undertake a major crime in Europe without cutting Worth in. Yet little Adam operated without violence. "No man of real intelligence," he warned a confederate, "ever has to use a firearm."

But Adam made one grievous mistake: he overlooked the factor of good will. When he treated his men well, it was because it served his interests to do so. But when treachery served him better, he would double-cross his closest associate. Once, after a haul of flawless diamonds, he substituted inferior gems and paid off in these, keeping the perfect ones for himself.

Meantime, as money rolled in, he bought a shooting lodge, a

Brighton home and a yacht, the *Shamrock*, manned by a crew of 20. He feted society aboard it, but also used it for criminal undertakings. One evening he entertained a score of socialites, then sailed to rob the post office on Malta.

HOW COULD THIS inveterate rogue with the split personality have operated without detection? For one thing, Worth was an extremely clever criminal. Moreover, fingerprinting was as yet unknown, and no criminal file had a picture of Worth. And astonishingly enough, Scotland Yard had never heard of Little Adam—until William A. Pinkerton came on the scene in 1873.

The tireless, imaginative American detective who never forgot a face was in London where he spotted Charlie Becker, a Yankee forger, on the street. On general principles he trailed him, and saw him meet Worth. Pinkerton then informed a chagrined Scotland Yard that the eminent Harry Raymond, Esq., was really Little Adam Worth, king of London's underworld.

Worth couldn't be extradited to the U.S. under existing laws, nor could he be arrested in London unless detected in crime. So Pinkerton advised the Yard to watch the *Shamrock*. When she sailed, he suggested that word be flashed to Continental police. Perhaps the felons could be caught and imprisoned in a foreign country.

In 1875, Adam ordered Becker to make up $150,000 in forged letters of credit. Then the *Shamrock* sailed for Constantinople, where Worth dropped off four henchmen —Carlos Sescovitch, Joe Chapman, Joe Elliott and Becker—who were to pass the forgeries in Smyrna. But Scotland Yard notified the Continent to watch for the *Shamrock*. Turkish police caught Chapman red-handed. He confessed and informed on the others, and all four went to prison.

Infuriated, Adam taught Sescovitch's beautiful wife how to make wax impressions of keys, then sent her off to Turkey. By flirting with prison guards she managed to take impressions, make keys and slip them to her husband. Next day, three of the four crooks walked out of prison, leaving the craven Chapman in custody.

In 1876, Adam handed some forged checks to one of his closest friends, who was visiting in London. When his friend tried to pass them in Paris, he was arrested and extradited to London. Worth wanted to free him on bail so that he might skip the country, but bondsmen had to be freeholders of unblemished character. For once, Adam's money was useless.

Mulling over this problem, he and an associate, Jack Phillips, alias the Junka, were sauntering through Bond Street when they saw fashionable carriages in front of Agnew and Company's art gallery. Curious, they entered and found a crowd admiring Gainsborough's famous painting, the *Duchess of Devonshire*, for which $100,000 had already been bid.

Adam thoughtfully regarded the masterpiece, then ambled out. On the street he announced, "I'm going to steal that picture!"

"You don't want it," protested the Junka. "It's a clumsy thing to get rid of."

"Of course I don't want it, but

Agnew does," Adam explained patiently. "When he is told he can get it back if he goes my friend's bail, don't you suppose he'll hurry down to Old Bailey with the money?"

On May 26, at 3 A.M., Phillips, Joe Elliott and Worth stole into an alley behind the art gallery. While Elliott remained outside as lookout, Adam and the Junka made their way over a back fence to a rear window. Adam mounted the brawny Phillips' shoulders and applied his jimmy. Slowly, silently, he raised the window and dropped to the floor inside.

Standing on a table, he slashed the canvas from its gold frame, rolled it up, buttoned it under his coat and went out through the window. Next morning, pandemonium broke loose. A reward of 1,000 pounds was offered for apprehension of the thief.



And then, before negotiations with Agnew could be started, Worth's friend was freed on a technicality and took ship back to America, to engage in crime no more. Adam, who had stolen the picture neither for money nor for love of art, was shackled to a white elephant. For 25 years, that picture was to follow him, concealed in the false bottom of a trunk.

GOADED BY HIS IRONICAL defeat in the Gainsborough theft, the little titan of crime decided to stage a colossal coup in South Africa, where rough diamonds were being exported from the mines. Posing as a merchant buying ostrich feathers, he settled in Cape Town.

Soon, Adam learned that a stagecoach brought the diamonds to Cape Town, timing itself to arrive the day a ship sailed. Worth calculated that if the coach were delayed beyond sailing time, the diamonds would be deposited in the post-office safe. But first, he needed the keys for it.

The postmaster, an affable gentleman, was cultivated by Adam for several months. Then Worth took three parcels out on the road and sent them to himself by registered mail. Coming in on the same conveyance with the packages, he waited until the assistant postmaster had locked up for the night. Then, accosting him on the street, Adam explained that he must have the parcels at once. The assistant, knowing Adam as a friend of the postmaster, obligingly returned to the office and opened the safe. As he turned away to make the appropriate entry in a book, Adam swiftly made wax impressions of the keys. Now he was ready for the next step.

Outside Cape Town, the stage had to cross a river by ferry. Just before the stage was due, Adam set the unattended ferry adrift. By the time it was brought back, the coach had been delayed beyond sailing time and the treasure was placed in the post-office safe.

That night, Worth scored a haul of $700,000. While Cape Town seethed with the news, Adam sailed for London with a load of ostrich feathers, a fine hiding place for diamonds. But he returned to a shaky throne. The Junka, in Adam's absence, had informed too many confederates of the chief's double dealings. Soon, Phillips and his pals

began shaking Adam down systematically. Worth's leadership was being challenged. Still in his 40s, he had made millions, yet was going bankrupt as the blackmail increased. To recoup, he gambled on the Paris Bourse and lost what was left.

Desperately he determined on one bold stroke as a comeback. But in attempting to rob a registered-mail truck in Liege, Adam was captured—for the first time in his life. Sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, the mighty Little Adam had been brought down at last.

Prison broke him. When he emerged, a physical wreck, he tried to re-form a gang but no one would join him. Not yet 50, he was just another ex-convict.

Remembering the stolen Gainsborough portrait, he told Pat Sheedy, a gambler, that he would return it for a price. But he would negotiate only with Pinkerton, an old enemy yet a man whom Adam Worth trusted. Would Pinkerton guarantee his freedom?

Sheedy passed the inquiry along to the detective in Chicago. Pinkerton agreed. On January 12, 1899, when the famous detective answered his telephone, a voice with a pronounced English accent said: "This is the gentleman from London."

It was a strange meeting between the detective and the King of Thieves whose star was waning. Adam was aged beyond his years, but he was still dapper in dress. After chatting politely for a few minutes, Worth came to the point of the conference: what reward might he expect for the picture?

Pinkerton refused to discuss the point, saying he would communicate with Scotland Yard. After lengthy negotiations, C. Moreland Agnew and his wife came to Chicago. There, on March 28, 1901, the Agnews were waiting in their hotel room when a rap sounded on the door. In the doorway stood a sad-eyed, poker-faced man carrying a large parcel.

"Mr. Agnew?"

"Yes."

Worth extended the package, bowed stiffly, turned on his heel and left. The masterpiece had finished its travels. And Adam returned to London, some $25,000 richer. But despite this haul, Worth had little to live for. An outcast in both his worlds, he died in 1902 after a long illness.

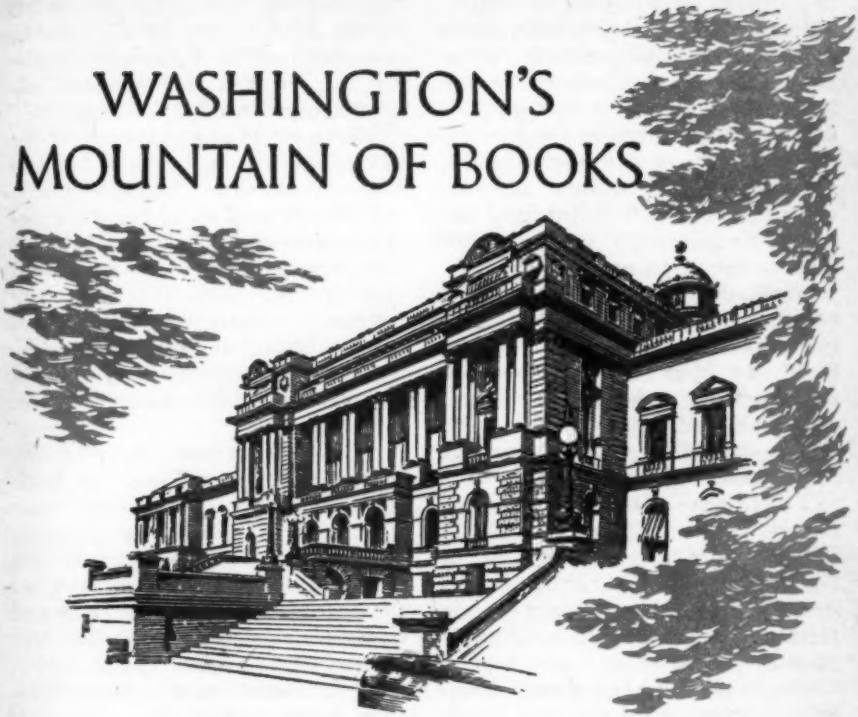
Regardless of the millions which he had stolen in a lifetime of crime, Adam Worth died a pauper. Even this amazing little rascal, who for years had outwitted the law, could not refute the maxim that crime never pays.

Just About Right

Sign outside farm gate: "The only love that money can buy—puppies for sale." —*The Furrow*

Traffic sign in small Oklahoma town: "Slow. No Hospital."

WASHINGTON'S MOUNTAIN OF BOOKS



In the Library of Congress, Americans of all ages and stations in life have access to a treasure house of learning

by LAWRENCE LADER

THE ONE PLACE WHERE scientists and school children, Senators and shoemakers, have equal access to all the world's knowledge is a multicolumned granite-and-marble building that sits atop Washington's Capitol Hill. Directly behind it is a sternly modern, gleaming white annex. Together, these buildings make up the Library of Congress, where over 1,000,000 people come each year for the answers to any question troubling them.

Senators and Representatives come from the Capitol across the street, hunting facts and figures for speeches to Congress. Scholars come to pore through thousands of priceless manuscripts, from Columbus' letter describing the New World to General McClellan's Civil War diaries. And the people come too. From Pennsylvania to Oregon, they visit the Library and take 2,000,000 items a year from the Library's 414 miles of shelves. If they cannot come

in person, they write or phone.

People want to know such things as how many pickets are in the White House fence, where they can find a Nellie Custis recipe, or how to solve a problem in cube roots. One Sunday, a distraught Washington housewife wanted to know where she could buy frying chickens. The Library's research staff quickly found an open store.

Another woman, whose husband had just won two Siamese cats at gin rummy, wanted the Siamese words for "gin" and "rummy" to use as names for the animals. Scholars in the Library's South Asia section came up with the names, "Tak" and "Plack."

The Library's favorite letter came recently from a 12-year-old boy in Waterbury, Connecticut. "I go out with boys of 14 and 15," the youngster wrote, "and am always getting pushed around. Please send me a book on jujitsu."

Nearly all of the important knowledge ever recorded by man is collected in the air-conditioned vaults or on the shelves of these two massive buildings. You can study works on the clay tablets of Babylon or the papyri of Egyptian scientists or the mathematical ponderings of Ptolemy. You can read London newspapers as far back as 1638, or check a French railroad timetable of last month.

This is not only the world's greatest library but a treasure house of incalculable wealth. The bronze gates of the Rare Book Room, whose combination lock can be opened by just two men on the staff, guard Shakespeare folios. A perfect vellum copy of the Gutenberg Bible is on display in the main Exhibit Hall. Among 8,000,000 manuscripts in the Manuscript Room are the personal papers of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and almost every other U. S. President.

There are complete records of the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1786, the diaries of Lincoln's Cabinet officers, and even Patrick Henry's account book. The Library represents an investment estimated at well over $100,000,000 to the American people, but so many of the books and manuscripts are irreplaceable that all the money in the world could not duplicate them.

THE HEART OF THE LIBRARY is the Main Reading Room, a huge octagon with marble pillars rising to a dome. High on the balcony, statues of such immortals as Voltaire and Beethoven look down on the readers below. In the center of the room, a large, circular desk squats like a mushroom.

Here readers bring slips on which they have written the names of books they want. Attendants put the slips into pneumatic tubes, which spread to the far corners of the Library. A few minutes later the requested books come back on conveyor belts.

Three tiers of desks ring the room. Here a Washington high-school boy may be reading alongside Allan Nevins, the historian, or Carl Sandburg, the Lincoln scholar. One habitué of the Library has occupied the same desk for 25 years. Another scholar who comes regularly reads about nothing but Cambodia.

"We've had Kenneth Roberts, John Dos Passos, Thornton Wilder and Van Wyck Brooks working on their books here," says Willard

Webb, custodian of the reading rooms. "We've had Arabian sheiks in native costume, and we've even had Deanna Durbin."



A constant stream of visitors comes to see two documents: the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. Especially in the spring, graduating high-school classes make pilgrimages to Washington and crowd into the great marble lobby, then up the grand staircase to the second-floor Exhibit Hall.

The Constitution rests on a stone table, protected by glass and a special filter to keep the writing from fading. Directly above it, in a wall case, is the Declaration. An armed guard is on duty 24 hours a day.

A third great document, the Bill of Rights, rests in a near-by case. One of the 13 originals submitted by Congress to each of the 13 states, it was purchased and given to the Library by Barney Balaban, president of Paramount Pictures, "as a token of gratitude for the freedom which his Russian-born parents found as immigrants to this country many years ago."

Amazingly enough, thousands of the Library's most priceless documents are available for anyone to read and study. You don't have to be a gray-bearded scholar to walk into the Rare Book Room or the Manuscript Room and ask to see Madison's notes on the Constitutional Convention or Czar Nicholas' personal collection. Even a teen-ager can sit at a table and have some of the world's greatest treasures brought to him.

"This is a library of the people, by the people and for the people," Archibald MacLeish, former Librarian of Congress, once stated. "As long as it exists as a free library and a people's library, the intellectual and spiritual freedom which Jefferson and his colleagues proposed to establish will not perish from the earth."

The Library's service to the nation was never greater than after Pearl Harbor. Army and Navy Intelligence officers found themselves desperately in need of information about roads, weather, harbors and a thousand other vital statistics concerning Europe and the Far East. Suddenly the reading rooms, particularly the Hispanic, Slavic and Orientalia Divisions, were jammed with researchers. Many of the important maps of the war were developed here.

The Library's data on roads and railways played a large part in the North African campaign. Weather information on Burma and India was invaluable to American pilots "flying the Hump." But one of the Library's most priceless contributions was a book smuggled from Germany, containing documented research by German scientists on the sulfa drugs.

BEFORE THE MAIN BUILDING was completed in 1897, the Library had been lodged in the Capitol. There, its principal purpose was to aid members of the Senate and the House. And although the Library today is used by the American people, one of its most important divisions is still the Legislative Reference Service, catering strictly to the needs of Congressmen. Senator

Blank, for instance, may have to deliver a speech in his home state on the economic potential of France. Now Senator Blank hasn't been to France since he went there as a doughboy in 1917. And with only a few hours before catching a train for home, he doesn't have time to collect facts and figures for his speech. So he simply phones the Reference Service and promptly receives a brief-case load of carefully digested reports on France that would suffice for ten speeches.

The head of the Service, Dr. Ernest Griffith, is an amiable ex-dean of American University's Graduate School. "We get 20,000 inquiries from Congress a year," he estimates. "Holidays are the worst headache. On Washington's Birthday or the Fourth of July, it seems as though every Senator and Representative back home wants to make a special speech."

Congressmen often send Dr. Griffith requests from their constituents. The most difficult inquiry to date was for a poem to celebrate the birth of triplets. The staff discovered that no such poem had ever been written. One of the more lyric members, Mrs. Margaret Blachley, sat down and wrote one for the occasion, beginning: "Hail! thrice-blessed morn."

The first members of Congress, who established the Library back in 1800, little realized how important the institution would become. They allotted a mere $5,000 for its founding, and when the first catalogue was issued two years later, it listed only 243 books. When British troops entered Washington in 1814, they destroyed a large part of the Capitol, and with it the Library.

To form a nucelus of a new Library, ex-President Jefferson, then living at Monticello in debt, offered to sell his famous private collection of 6,479 volumes. Although Jefferson's political opponents filed ridiculous objections, Congress finally approved the purchase for $23,950.

For years the Jefferson collection was scattered on the shelves among other books. Many were torn and mishandled before the Library removed the remnants from the shelves and put them in a separate room. Today, these treasured volumes, filled with Jefferson's marginal notes, are being studied for new insights into his life.

The man responsible for the Library's greatest growth was Herbert Putnam, member of the publishing family, who took office in 1899 and held it for 40 years. He made it a people's library, a cultural center. He arranged endowments for chairs in specialized fields, like music and fine arts. He appointed scholars and consultants to interpret the collections. He set up new divisions like Aeronautics.

Congress recognized his achievements in 1930 by authorizing construction of an annex across the street. When it was completed in 1939, President Roosevelt raised a storm of controversy by appointing Archibald MacLeish, poet, magazine editor and Pulitzer-Prize winner, as the new Librarian. Conservative library circles claimed that MacLeish had no practical training for the job. But MacLeish amazed even his most vocal opponents. In four years, he completely reorganized the Library's administrative setup.

The present Librarian is Dr.

Luther H. Evans, a forceful, blunt-talking Texan, formerly MacLeish's right-hand man. Dr. Evans, once a Princeton professor, has not only carried forward Putnam's and MacLeish's program of building a people's library, but has established democratic practices for his own staff. Three times a week he holds a meeting for department directors and invites them to attack or vote down any of his policies. Once a month, all professional employees of the Library get together, and Dr. Evans listens intently while they discuss how the Library should be run.



Acquisition of books and pamphlets is just one part of the Library's enormous operation. Every day, some 1,000 newspapers pour into the Periodical Room and must be sorted and catalogued.

Periodicals arrive at the rate of 17,000 a month. From overseas comes an endless stream of material —railway maps from France, gazettes from Spain, Army newspapers from India, sheet music from Australia. Recently, the War Department turned over almost 1,000,000 German works, including Hitler's private collection, to the Library of Congress and other U. S. libraries.

Once these acquisitions reach the Library, an enormous maintenance job confronts Alvin W. Kremer, the Keeper of the Collections. Kremer has a staff which does nothing but clean books with special vacuum hoses. Yet the shelves are so vast that each book gets this treatment only once in ten years.

Kremer's chief fear is that a plague of mildew may break out. For protective reasons, new books that are suspected of carrying destructive bugs are put through a fumigation chamber. Once, during Christmas week, a cockroach was discovered in an exhibition case housing one of the Library's most precious manuscripts. Kremer figured that it had been hiding on a sprig of holly, put inside the case to lend a Christmas touch.

Another near-disaster, this time to the Constitution, was prevented by two visiting soldiers. Gazing into the case, they spotted a tiny insect. Library attendants recognized it as a buffalo beetle, which might soon have feasted on America's greatest documentary treasure. Now insecticides are applied regularly to prevent a recurrence.

Library visitors are continually amazed to find that, in addition to books, the Congressional also has dozens of vaults filled with movie films. A strange discovery launched the collection. In 1942, a forgotten vault was opened, revealing 3,500 of the oldest films in the country.

Actually they were not celluloid strips but black-and-white pictures on strips of paper. Since no clear-cut copyright law on movies existed until 1912, early producers simply made photographic paper prints of their reels and copyrighted them as individual "still" pictures. Some day, the Library hopes to have a separate building for its movie collection, with screens for visitors to view the films.

The Library's gigantic collections also include 1,000,000 photographs, negatives and slides on historical subjects; thousands of rare music

manuscripts from the classic composers; and a vast recorded library of the folk songs of America, from hillbilly ballads to the chants of Georgia chain gangs. Cooperating units at universities like Texas, Arizona and Utah are now taking recording equipment to the fields and towns of the American countryside to discover new sources of music.

To thousands of sightless book-lovers, the most important Library collection comprises "books that talk." These albums of records, which require a special machine, range from the great classics of literature to the latest best-sellers. Read by expert announcers, they have lightened the lives of thousands of the nation's blind, most of whom cannot read Braille.

It is often considered a miracle that with millions of books on the shelves, the Library's staff can locate any item in record time. There are no private detectives on the staff, but many employees like Jimmy Lessley are often called upon for incredible jobs of sleuthing.

Recently, a distinguished female ornithologist from the Smithsonian Institution complained that she had been trying for some time to get a book called *Birds of the Island of Cuba.* Lessley set out to track it down. Days and weeks passed. Finally he staggered into the office of the Chief of the Stack and Reader Division.

"Have you got the book?" asked the Chief.

"No," replied Lessley. "But I know where it is. The Smithsonian borrowed it back in 1897 and has never returned it."

The Way of a Woman

WHEN THE PRESENT Queen of England was still the Duchess of York she was the honored guest of the great French Colonial Exposition at Vincennes. There, one sunny afternoon, in an open-air garden, she was served tea by the guiding genius of the exposition, the distinguished former soldier and statesman, Marshal Lyautey.



Now, on this occasion, the excitement and the unusual exertions to which the Marshal had been subjected had reduced him to the condition of a tired and disillusioned old man. Greatly admiring the old warrior, the Duchess wondered how she might help him regain his former attitude of cheerfulness and well-being.

"Monsieur le Maréchal," she finally said, "you are so powerful, you have done so much for your wonderful country, and you have created this great exposition—would you do something for me?"

"For you, madame?" the old warrior replied. "But what can I do for your Royal Highness?"

"Why, this," said England's future queen. "The sun is in my eyes. Will you please make it go away?"

The Marshal was about to disclaim such powers, when suddenly the sun went behind a cloud.

"Thank you, Monsieur le Maréchal," the Duchess exclaimed gratefully.

The old soldier beamed with happiness.

The duchess, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, whispered to a fellow-guest, "I saw the cloud coming." —*Wall Street Journal*

What Do You Know About Christmas?



So you think you know all the answers about Christmas? Well, we challenge you! Dig down into that lore you've been storing up and see how you stack up in this little holly-time quiz. You'll find little-known facts and well-known figures, but there are enough of the latter to guarantee you a generous score. Count eight points for each correct answer. If you are on your toes, you'll mark up an 80. Real authorities will roll up 96. (The correct answers are on page 140.)

1. What famous opera is presented at Christmas time?
   a. Rigoletto
   b. Lohengrin
   c. Hänsel and Gretel

2. Patron saint of children is:
   a. St. Patrick
   b. St. Francis of Assisi
   c. St. Nicholas

3. What actor is famous for his radio portrayal of "Old Scrooge"?
   a. Jean Hersholt
   b. Walter Huston
   c. Lionel Barrymore

4. What state has a town named Santa Claus?
   a. Wisconsin
   b. Vermont
   c. Indiana

5. What is a nationally famous Christmas dessert?
   a. Spongecake
   b. Nesselrode pudding
   c. Mince pie

6. What eminent American owned a Christmas-tree farm?
   a. Wendell L. Willkie
   b. Franklin D. Roosevelt
   c. Thomas E. Dewey

7. How many reindeer does Santa Claus drive?
   a. Eight
   b. Four
   c. Six

8. What Christmas green is remindful of kisses?
   a. Holly
   b. Mistletoe
   c. Balsam fir

9. What animals are said to kneel at midnight each Christmas Eve?
   a. Sheep
   b. Cows
   c. Camels

10. Which of these is not one of Santa's reindeer's names?
    a. Cupid
    b. Comet
    c. Trotter

11. Who painted the Nativity?
    a. Dali
    b. Correggio
    c. Matisse

12. What is a crèche?
    a. Crib
    b. Christmas tree
    c. Christmas pudding

Oh, Those Beautiful Dolls!



by JOSEF ISRAELS II

WITH THE POSSIBLE exception of Mr. and Mrs. John Agar (she who was Shirley Temple), the most interested anticipant of the birth of Shirley's baby this year was a New York gentleman named Ben Michtom, who isn't even related to the proud parents. He has, however, an old and profitable acquaintance with her. Back in the 1930s, when Shirley was still curly-locked "Little Miss Marker," his Ideal Novelty and Toy Company made and sold six million dollars' worth of dolls in her image.

It was Michtom's fervent hope that Shirley would have a girl baby and that the parents would grant him permission to market "Shirley Temple Mother and Daughter" dolls. Michtom's interest was understandable, since a hit could have meant between five and ten million dollars in the coffers of the company, plus hefty royalties to Shirley (and her baby) besides.

Alas, the Agars did not approve of the idea. But Ideal has already used plenty of black ink totting up the proceeds of their great doll hit —the greatest in all toy history. This is "Sparkle Plenty," the charming infant daughter of two unsavory characters in the Dick Tracy comic strip. Between July, 1947, and July, 1948, Michtom fabricated through mass-production methods more than $3,000,000 worth of Sparkle Plenties in assorted sizes, retailing to harassed parents at $6 to $12 a head. These figures, universally enjoyable to toy and department stores, are credited entirely to Sparkle's waist-length yellow hair.

Since Sparkle is otherwise approximately six months old in appearance, this hair may be said to

The people who make the dolls America's kids cry for gamble for high stakes, but a big hit represents millions in the till



add to Michtom's conviction that "what you have to give them isn't realism but a doll to which they can do something for themselves." In the case of "Betsy Wetsy," a self-moistening doll of earlier fame, this "something" was changing diapers. In Sparkle's case it is braiding, combing and even shampooing her long wool tresses. With the new "Baby Coos," it is making her scream, sob or coo.

Sparkle is one of the top developments in an industry which extracts $300,000,000 a year from U.S. adults for the amusement of their young, and offers insiders a chance to gamble even more spectacularly than theatrical producers on a $12,000,000 hit or a $1,000,000 flop. In the case of Ideal, which rings up some ten per cent of total U.S. toy sales, the record is rich with what show business calls boffolas.

This record started in 1906 with the original "Teddy Bear," a toy which became popular from America to Zanzibar because of a fortuitous bit of thinking on the part of Morris Michtom, who then manufactured a few toys in Brooklyn. A Russian immigrant, Papa Michtom had had some training as a mechanic in the old country, and applied his knowledge to New York toymaking. In 1904, when Theodore Roosevelt went hunting in Mississippi, an orphaned bear cub fell into his custody, and Roosevelt's picture holding the appealing baby was widely circulated.

Morris Michtom saw the picture and something clicked. He and his wife went into a back room and cut out a tiny bearskin of fluffy brown wool. They stuffed it and set it in the window with a placard calling attention to "the original Teddy Bear." It sold fast and they made more. These moved fast, too, and in a flash of the promotional impulse which was to build a multimillion-dollar business, Pop Michtom packed up a Teddy Bear and shipped it to Roosevelt, along with a letter asking permission to call it "Teddy's Bear."

Back came a reply, saying: "I don't think my name's likely to be worth much in the bear business but you're welcome to use it." The original letter is still in the Michtom archives. It went, along with a sample of the bear, to Butler Brothers, the big toy wholesalers of those days. They took a chance on Michtom which enabled him to borrow the money for bigger factory space and extra help.

Teddy Bear sales put Ideal on its feet. But a string of doll and toy hits down the years expanded it to

a kiddies' colossus, now employing more than 3,000 people and turning out dolls by the thousand dozens with a mechanical precision reminiscent of Detroit's best.

After the Teddy Bear came "The Yellow Kid," a character in E. F. Outcault's pioneer comic strip. The Kid ran in the Hearst papers, and his doings, though by no means so dramatic as those of Dick Tracy, were followed breathlessly by a vast juvenile public.

The Yellow Kid was a sort of Peck's Bad Boy with a heart of gold. The doll reproduction of him wasn't very pretty but it made a big impression on the children of its day. And the parental misery which still pays off for the Michtom family began to build up.



The vogue of the Yellow Kid carried the Michtoms a few years farther along the way. They branched into broader lines, making toy wagons, woolly animals of various kinds and the standard dolls which are always popular despite individual hits. In 1914, they devised a simple mechanism which makes a doll close its eyes in simulated sleep when laid on its back. This wowed the kids and is still standard equipment on all but the very cheapest dolls.

In 1917, with preparedness the issue of the day, the doll hit was "Liberty Boy"—unusual in dolldom since it represented an adult doughboy in uniform. Later—in 1920—when flappers were coming in, this was improved in a doll that roguishly rolled its eyes as well as opened and closed them. She was called "Flossy Flirt" and did a handsome business for her time.

The search for something new resulted in 1923 in a doll with rubber hands that could be manipulated like real ones. That made a hit, but the Michtom family and their associates, by now a goodly number, kept looking for something still better. This didn't come their way until 1934, when a lady called on Michtom and explained a really daring idea. Her doll would drink liquids poured in by its child mother. After an appropriate time, they would find their way into the realistic diapers with which the figure was to be provided. Changing the underpinnings was to provide endless joy for kids.

The lady's idea was fine, but not in execution. The liquids remained inside the doll, turning rancid and causing complaints from parents and kids alike. No Commission on Atomic Development ever held weightier sessions than those in which the manufacturing, sales and designing staffs decided to become unrealistic and provide "Betsy Wetsy" with an almost straight channel from mouth to panties—an arrangement which produces results without delay but obviates messy aftereffects.

She was sold in a box with a tiny feeding bottle and extra diapers, and caused a vast impact on the toy world. She still sells hugely in versions made by many companies, and more than one manufacturer plays wistfully with the idea of extending Betsy's pseudohuman capabilities. For instance, a doll that consumes solids as well as liquids. "Or one that gives birth," murmur imaginative salesmen.

After 1935, the "personality dolls" came along with ever greater

success. Shirley Temple made history with $6,000,000 in sales. In 1936, Frank Buck and his animals went "okay—but not sensational." Buck suffered, as have Superman, Pinocchio and Popeye the Sailor, from the greater love that little girls have for female dolls.

Up until 1940, the business was swept by such hits as Judy Garland, characters from the "Wizard of Oz" movie, Deanna Durbin, Snow White and her Seven Dwarfs, Ferdinand the Bull, Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd. But none of these outdid Shirley Temple or even approached Sparkle Plenty's pre-eminent place in the doll world.

THE YEAR 1940 SAW what technicians consider one of the biggest advances in dollmaking in centuries —the introduction of "Magic Skin," a latex compound with an almost unbelievable likeness to real skin. Its malleability is such that dolls may be placed in lifelike poses impossible in previous materials and will hold them. But just as "Magic Skin" was going over solidly in the toy departments, supplies of natural rubber were cut off by the Japs.

Half of Ideal's factory was swung into production of war materials, ranging from gas-mask parts to plastic cases for the proximity fuse. Deprived of "Magic Skin" until 1946, the Michtom sons (Papa had died in 1938) nevertheless held their own in toys with a plastic jeep and a plastic toy telephone. The latter sold 7,000,000 units for more than $15,000,000 retail. This was held to be the all-time record for sales—until Sparkle Plenty topped it.

Sparkle, in her cartoon incarnation, sprang from the pen of Chester Gould in the Dick Tracy strip early in 1947. Gravel Gertie, a disreputable harridan, and B. O. Plenty, a ne'er-do-well, had been married almost a year before. Upon the announcement that Gertie was anticipating, Gould's 26,000,000 readers speculated actively on what the baby would be like. Few suspected she would be a winsome little girl, apparently about six months old at birth and blessed with miraculous long yellow hair.

Sparkle's existence as a multimillion-dollar doll was inspired by Bill McDuffee, former all-American footballer who is Gimbel's toy buyer in New York. McDuffee, impressed by what he had heard from his own kids about Sparkle Plenty, came to Michtom with cartoon clippings and asked what Ideal would be willing to do for Gimbel's —exclusive. Michtom sent the drawings to the factory and, in due time, hand-built samples came back for inspection. These had real hair instead of the more practical rayon coiffure that was ultimately used.

They were sent, for testing, to the children of Abe Katz, Ideal's production manager, and of Dr. Joe Michtom, a dentist brother. These juvenile critics approved Sparkle and their parents reported immediate wails of desire from neighbors' children who wanted similar dolls. After further experimentation, especially with woolen wigs, Sparkle swung into production in July.

Wigmaking and attaching account for only a few of the 350 operations that go into Sparkle Plenty. These are performed in a large ex-airplane factory in New York's outskirts, where scores of girls, fingers

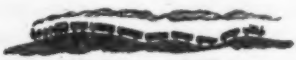
inspired by piecework pay, make the doll grow from dismembered pieces at the belt's beginning to finished perfection, reposing in tissue paper, at the other end. Everyone concentrates on the task of getting a few million Sparkles and other toys into the stores for the Christmas season, when some two-thirds of the year's toy business is done.

McDuffee has reaped his reward for conceiving Sparkle. The doll has accounted for a large chunk of Gimbel's toy business. McDuffee sold 135,000 Sparkles in 1947, and counts on at least half as many again this year—which means more than $1,000,000 in the till on one item alone. Sparkle Plenty cradles are a profitable sideline.

Nationwide sales strategies on Sparkle Plenty are mapped from the air-conditioned splendor of Ideal's headquarters at 200 Fifth Avenue. I. H. Bernhard, 81-year-old sales manager, is most enthusiastic in carrying out campaigns against juvenile susceptibility. The showroom is alive with shouts of "When do we spring Dayton?" or "Los Angeles wants 500 dozen by air express!"

Imitation is one of Michtom's minor worries. "We can depend on the kids for protection," he says. "If it isn't a genuine Sparkle Plenty or Baby Coos or whatever the season's hit happens to be, they let their parents know about it. It's the same with doll clothes. You'd think we could use cheap stuff. But if it isn't the finest material and the finest sewing, they won't take it."

Michtom is convinced the next few years are going to be big for dolls, no matter what happens to other lines of business. "Think of that big wartime birth rate," he says with a glint in his eye. "All we've got to do is show the kids something they want. After that, they do the selling for us."



Side Light on Russia

A U.S. NAVAL ATTACHÉ stationed in Moscow during the war tells the following story to illustrate the Russians' love of exactness:

Official business took him on an airplane trip. The weather was bad, but his pilot, like many other Russian flight officers, seemed to distrust instruments and preferred to fly by landmark. He flew only a few hundred feet above the ground, just topping some of the hills along the route.

Suddenly the passenger felt a tremendous jolt. The plane had struck something! But it kept going and the pilot managed to land safely in a near-by field. Investigation revealed that a wing had clipped a train which reached the top of a hill as the plane flew past.

Questioned at the local police station, the Russian pilot protested stoutly that it was not his fault. To prove it, he reached into an inside pocket of his blouse and produced a railroad timetable.

"See," he said, pointing triumphantly to an entry. "The train was 15 minutes late!" —L. S. EDSON

Our human comedy

Laughter is a healthful tonic — good for young and old. So gathered here to enhance your well-being are some amusing bits from the everyday world

WHEN A FELLOW woke up one morning with a red tulip growing out of the top of his head, he rushed down to Believe-It-Or-Not Bob Ripley's office.

"I wanna see Ripley," he said to the receptionist.

She asked, "What about?"

—JEROME P. FLEISHMAN in *Walker Log*



WHEN THE BURGLAR reached the bedroom window he stopped and flashed his torch into the darkened room. The beam rested on a tiny baby in a cot. Gently the burglar tapped on the window to attract the child's attention.

"Where's your mummy and daddy?" he asked.

"At the movies," said the tot.

"Hmmm," murmured the burglar. "And where's your nurse?"

"Downstairs with her boy friend," replied the child.

"Good," said the burglar. "Now come and open the window for your nice uncle."

"Don't talk like a fool," replied the child. "I can't walk yet."

—*Irish Digest*



ON THE FIFTH AVENUE bus, a lady passenger was making a pest of herself. Every five minutes she'd ask the conductor, "Have we come to Riverside Drive yet?" She was getting on his nerves, but he kept his temper. Finally, she cried, "How will I know when we come to Riverside Drive?"

He couldn't resist that. "By the big smile on my face, lady, by the big smile on my face."

—From *Out of My Trunk* by MILTON BERLE, *Grayson Publishing Corporation*



THE FINE OLD GENTLEMAN was beside himself in gratitude.

"Splendid, young man!" he cried. "When you rescued my daughter from the river you must have had no idea of the danger you were placing yourself in."

"There wasn't any," shrugged the hero. "There wasn't any. I am a champion swimmer, and I'm already married." —*Ireland's Own*



CELESTE HOLM WENT to Sun Valley, Idaho, and there met the most snobbish family she ever encountered. The daughter told about her father's disappointment.

"Daddy owns 200 race horses and went to Texas to find a suitable place for them to graze," said the

girl. "He found just the ideal place, so he bought it. Poor Daddy."

"Why? What happened?" asked Miss Holm.

"Poor Daddy, poor horses," sighed the girl. "They can't use the place at all now."

"Why not?" asked Miss Holm.

"Oil," the girl sighed.

—LEONARD LYONS



THE JUDGE WAS HAVING great difficulty explaining the American flag to an elderly immigrant. Finally, at his wits' end, the judge roared: "The flag! The flag! What flies over the courthouse?"

Puzzlement clouded the face of the immigrant; then, like a dawning day, the answer came, "Oh! Peejuns?" —B. FREDERIC NEWTON



DURING DINNER AT a very proper gentleman's home, a guest was astonished to see his host pour his coffee from cup to saucer. To be polite, the guest followed suit. Then the host added cream and sugar, and tasted the mixture.

The guest was doing the same when the host set the saucer on the floor for his dog. —*Auburn Plainsman*



A FRIEND WITH A social conscience, hearing that a group of refugees would be brought to a near-by church, rushed to the spot in her car. Soon a truck, laden with people, appeared. Clinging together on the edge of the crowd were an old man and an old woman.

"You two," she said, "would you like to come home with me?"

After a hasty consultation, they said they would be delighted. She took them to her house, gave them a good meal, and showed them to the guest room.

In a few minutes, the little old lady reappeared. Very humble she was, and most grateful for all the attentions she had, but would my friend be good enough to answer one question.

"Of course," she replied graciously, "what is it?"

"Well, then, please tell me, who is this old man I'm supposed to share the room with?" —L. DUKE SLOSS



THE YOUNG SCHOOLTEACHER had just told a small boy the story of a lamb that had strayed from the flock and had been eaten by a wolf.

"You see," she said, "had the lamb been obedient and stayed in the flock, it would not have been eaten by the wolf, would it?"

"No, ma'am," answered the small boy. "It would have been eaten by us." —BERNARD SOBEL



IN HIS ROOM AT THE state institution sat a man whose only article of clothing was a hat.

"Look, friend," an attendant said, "that's no way to be sitting around. Why don't you put some clothes on?"

"Why should I?" replied the inmate. "Nobody comes to see me."

"But why wear a hat?"

"Oh," shrugged the other, "somebody *might* come." —ELAINE JARVIS

Special Feature



The Spirit of Christmas

WHEN HOSPITABLE HEARTHS welcome family and old friends at Christmas, it is in the warm spirit of a tradition almost 2,000 years old. Yuletide meant open house, and Saxon chiefs hailed peasant and noble alike. Then, as now, laughter and song echoed until the last embers of the Yule log faded. Sheilah Beckett's paintings glow with the cheerful sentiment of Christmas customs, and CORONET brings you surprising legends of their origins.



The Tree On a clear Christmas night more than 400 years ago, the imagination of Martin Luther was fired by a stately pine stretching skyward, the very stars seeming to hang from its branches. With a wreath of candles, such a tree became Luther's Christmas gift to his family, and to all mankind.



The Stocking To America the Dutch brought their wooden clogs and a lively affection for St. Nicolaas. On St. Nicolaas Eve, a local burgher acting St. Nick tiptoed through hushed homes, leaving gifts in tiny clogs set by the fire to dry. The transition from shoes to stockings came naturally.



The Candle A candlelit window is a token of friendship originated by the Irish long years ago. These lights guided weary travelers—as were Mary and Joseph at Bethlehem—to food and rest. Now, a Christmas candle is a beacon of good will when the spirit of brotherhood is strong within us.



Caroling Passing the Christmas season in an Italian hamlet in 1223, St. Francis of Assisi brought to the villagers all the wonder of the Nativity. When they saw his reproduction of the Manger, with real animals and a village baby, they burst into song—and the first carol was born.



The Feast Mince pie was once called Christmas pie, for the spices used in its preparation symbolized the gifts of the Three Wise Men. Christmas has traditionally been a time of feasting, and there is a record of one English banquet at which 16 different meat courses were served.



The Punchbowl To early Anglo-Saxons, wassail was a toast—"your health." Around a huge bowl, brimming with ale and roasted apples, these stalwarts would "Wassail" and "Drinkhaile" resoundingly. By the Middle Ages, the wassail bowl had been woven into the pattern of Christmas festivity.



Mistletoe When the Druids of Britain found a plant atop a giant oak, seeming to draw its very life from the air, they deemed it heaven-sent. They called it mistletoe and gradually it became a symbol of love and purity, overseer of the pleasantest moments of the happiest season.

A Christmas Story



Glendale, California
October 6, 1948

M. S. Stewart
Coronet Gift Department
Coronet Building
Chicago 1, Illinois

Dear Mr. Stewart:

Along with this letter I am sending you my regular yearly order for Coronet Christmas gift subscriptions. I suspect it is rather larger than the average order, but there's a little story behind that which I think you'll enjoy knowing about.

Actually, it all goes back to 1944 when my home front activities were keeping me so busy that I had to put off my Christmas shopping until the very last minute. When I finally <u>did</u> get a chance to shop, the stores were empty, and as I ran from one store to another, I rapidly developed a mild case of panic.

What in the world was I going to give?
When I got home with a few unimaginative items in my arms, I collapsed in a chair and literally wept for disappointment. And then - I happened to see my latest copy of Coronet lying there on the end table. Do you know -- I sat right there and <u>finished</u> my "Christmas shopping" by ordering Coronet gift subscriptions for everyone left on my list!



continued on next page . . .

Believe me, that was a stroke of genius. All during the next year I kept hearing from my friends what a marvelous gift I had given them and how much enjoyment they were getting out of Coronet's interesting features.

So when Christmas 1945 rolled around, I simply renewed their subscriptions and added a few new names to my Coronet list.

Each year since that time, I've been adding new names until now (as you can see!) my list is enormous. But the truth is my January budget is easier to balance now than before.

Well, that's my story. I suppose hundreds of other people have had the same kind of experience, but I wanted you to know how much it has meant to me. Maybe this letter will give you a "lift" in your busy season as Coronet has given me in mine.

A very Merry Christmas to you ... and bless you all.

Sincerely yours,

Vivian L Shafer

P.S. I can hardly wait to see the gift announcement my friends will receive this year. Your 1947 card will be hard to beat.



I couldn't resist having Mrs. Shafer's letter reproduced here so that all of Coronet's friends might share our pleasure in reading her Coronet "Christmas story." And on behalf of Coronet's entire staff, I want to thank Mrs. Shafer and the hundreds of other friends who write us from time to time for their courtesy and thoughtfulness.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

—from The Coronet Gift Department

M. S. Stewart

MANAGER

Again—

For your Christmas convenience...

Reduced Rate on Coronet Gift Subscriptions

only **$2.50** each 1 year sub.
(regular rate $3 per year)

EACH 2 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION $5

EACH 3 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION $7

Order Now—
Pay in January

First fill out order form at right. Then detach along dotted line and send in postage-paid reply envelope found elsewhere in this issue—to

Coronet
CORONET BUILDING
Chicago 1, Illinois

Coronet Christmas Gift Order Form

SENDER'S NAME:

NAME_____
(please print)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ Zone____

STATE_____

☐ Include MY OWN subscription at reduced Christmas rates.

☐ 3 yrs. ☐ 2 yrs. ☐ 1 yr.

☐ $_____ enclosed or; ☐ Bill me in Jan.

1st Gift

SEND TO_____
(please print)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ Zone____

STATE_____

GIFT CARD TO READ: FROM_____

☐ 3 yrs. ☐ 2 yrs. ☐ 1 yr.

2nd Gift

SEND TO_____
(please print)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ Zone____

STATE_____

GIFT CARD TO READ: FROM_____

☐ 3 yrs. ☐ 2 yrs. ☐ 1 yr.

CORONET CHRISTMAS GIFT ORDER FORM

(continued from preceding page)

3rd Gift

SEND TO_____
(please print)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ Zone____

STATE_____

GIFT CARD TO READ: FROM_____

☐ 3 yrs. ☐ 2 yrs. ☐ 1 yr.

4th Gift

SEND TO_____
(please print)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ Zone____

STATE_____

GIFT CARD TO READ: FROM_____

☐ 3 yrs. ☐ 2 yrs. ☐ 1 yr.

5th Gift

SEND TO_____
(please print)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ Zone____

STATE_____

GIFT CARD TO READ: FROM_____

☐ 3 yrs. ☐ 2 yrs. ☐ 1 yr.

Detach along dotted line and mail in postage-paid reply envelope found elsewhere in this issue . . . to

CORONET • CORONET BUILDING
CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS



SAVE
TIME • EFFORT • MONE
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CORONET'S 3 POINT GIF SERVICE

1

Your name hand-penned on an attract full color gift card (shown in reduced si above) and gift card sent to each friend your gift list to announce your gift be first copies are mailed.

2

Gift announcement card and first g copies timed to arrive just at Christma take their places on your friends' holi trees.

3

Your bill comes in during the month of J uary when other Christmas expenses longer conflict with your budget.

FOR PROMPT SERVICE, ORDER N



Now smoke-stained and fire-gutted, the Borley Rectory has an eerie, fantastic history

by HENRY LEE

UNDER A FULL ESSEX MOON, the hamlet of Borley drowsed quietly in the peace of the English countryside. Edward Cooper, gardener for Borley Rectory, glanced from his cottage window at the yellow-tinted meadows. Suddenly, odd lights waved in the grass beside Borley's 12th-century church, and Cooper stared at them in growing astonishment.

The lights materialized into an old-fashioned black coach and team, which lumbered rapidly toward him across the road and right into the yard. The apparition was so vivid that Cooper saw the straining horses and two top-hatted coachmen on the box. Moonlight flickered on the harness, and the head lamps gleamed.

Cooper called hoarsely to his wife, but by then the spectral coach had swept silently past his window and disappeared, riding hard on its ghostly errand.

For almost three-quarters of a

century, a host of strange, dark things stirred at Borley, baffling the bravest, shrewdest psychic investigators in England. The somber coach appeared and disappeared before the eyes of different witnesses, and there were other apparitions too: a tall, dark man; a girl in white or blue; a black hand; shadowy forms; a sad, sweet-faced woman in religious garb who was seen four times in two weeks by a stranger unfamiliar with the Borley legend.

Once, the Rev. Harry Bull, Borley's rector, met an old man standing on the lawn, one arm upraised. The figure vanished as the rector approached. He was unknown to the villagers, but his face and garb were identical with those of "Amos," a gardener whom the Bull family had employed 200 years earlier.

At least 20 witnesses testified to the apparitions, and yet visual phenomena were only one phase of this absorbing supernatural mystery. One clergyman heard a woman's voice moaning near the Rectory chapel. "Don't, Carlos, don't!" it said on one occasion, and then lapsed into mumblings. One of the earlier clerical residents was nicknamed Carlos.

There were the sounds, too, of church music, footsteps, raps, taps, crashings, bumps, thuds and rustlings galore. Many of these occurred while professional investigators were in the house, with all entrances and windows sealed against trickery.

At times, Borley was a bedlam of flying pebbles and slates, smashing candlesticks, levitating bars of soap. Mrs. L. A. Foyster, semi-invalid wife of the last rector, was hit on the



head by flying metal and thrice thrown from her bed. Her husband was pelted with stones, and a water jug fell on his head as he slept. Curious writings and pencil marks appeared on the walls, right under the noses of investigators.

Dr. C. E. M. Joad, famed philosopher of the University of London, was present when one of these written "squiggles," as he called them, appeared on the wall. He expressed skepticism that spirits would use lead pencils—but as a man of science, he added that in all honesty he could offer no normal explanation for the writings.

In all, more than 100 witnesses, many of them outright scoffers, sought and failed to penetrate the riddle of Borley. They included scientists, clergymen, Army officers, university and professional men, a diplomat and a Bank of England official. Almost without exception they saw things which had no earthly explanation, and went away sobered and wondering. In the words of Harry Price, Britain's great ghost hunter, the Borley story is "the best-authenticated case of haunting in the annals of psychical research."*

THE MYSTERY STARTED prosaically enough back in 1863 with the Rev. Henry Bull, well-to-do country parson who delighted in fox

*From *The Most Haunted House in England*, by Harry Price, published by Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1940.

hunting and gentlemanly sparring; to house his family of 14 children, the good Reverend built the Rectory, occasionally adding to it until it became a rambling, boxlike affair. From then, until it strangely burned a few years ago, the Bull manse was tenanted only by successive rectors and their families.

The manifestations at Borley divide roughly into two classifications. First were the strange incidents before Price became interested in the big, gloomy house in 1929. Second were the paranormalities of the next ten years, many of which Price himself witnessed. In both cases, he did the same dogged leg work of investigation, interview and double checking. Price died only recently —still frustrated in his effort to ferret out any physical explanation for what he saw.

His own introduction to Borley was startling. After scouting the premises, he was about to enter the study through French windows when a thick pane of glass from above smashed at his feet. Search of upstairs rooms failed to disclose any evidence of an intruder, and seals which had been placed there were still intact. With a friend, Price descended to the main hall, where a red candlestick whizzed past their ears, crashing to the floor. They had seen it, a few moments before, in the Blue Room.

Then pebbles, a piece of slate and more pebbles cascaded down the stairs. During the evening, bells rang in various rooms; sometimes Price arrived in time to see the pulls still swinging, but he never could detect the agency that moved them.

More frightening was the experience of James Ballantyne, chauffeur for a member of the Council of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research. While reading in the Borley kitchen one night, he looked up to see a "black hand" moving up and down the door to the back stairs. Then he heard the unexplained smash of a falling bottle.

In none of the Borley testimony is there a hint of hysteria or self-dramatization. Most persuasive is the incident which occurred when the rectory was destroyed by fire at midnight on February 27, 1939. It involves two paragons of British stolidity—a constable and a British officer. The story was revealed by Capt. W. H. Gregson, last owner of the manse, who had just moved in his furniture. An upset lamp caused a small fire which swept the rectory with unaccountable fury.

"About 4 A.M.," says Captain Gregson, "a constable asked me who were the lady and gentleman who had just preceded me through the courtyard. *I told him there was no woman on the premises.*"

An earlier legend was that a woman in religious garb appeared irregularly on the Rectory grounds. Whether this was the same apparition was not determined, but Price got firsthand confirmation of the original story from two of the Rev. Henry Bull's surviving daughters.

Before sunset on July 28, 1900, the Misses Ethel, Freda, and Mabel Bull returned home from a garden party and reached the open lawn in twilight. Before them, they saw the woman dressed in black, apparently telling her beads. The way she seemed to *glide*, rather than walk, frightened the girls. One of them darted into the house to fetch another sister, Miss Elsie. The appa-

rition was still in the garden when Elsie came out, and she laughed at her sisters.

"A ghost," she exclaimed. "Oh, nonsense! I'll go and speak to it."

As she started to run across the lawn, the figure turned to face her. The grief-stricken face was kindly, but brave Miss Elsie felt terrified. Then the figure vanished.

MUCH OF THE ACTIVITY at Borley stemmed from aimless, rowdy manifestations, called *poltergeister* in the psychical vocabulary. Once, with three fellow investigators, Price sat down in the Rectory to enjoy some Burgundy and Sauterne with the Reverend and Mrs. Foyster. As the wine was poured, the Burgundy turned to ink, the Sauterne to *eau de cologne*. A magician might pull such a trick, but not on an experienced investigator like Price.

The wine had not been tampered with—Price had brought it from London. The glasses had been supplied by Mrs. Foyster, but they withstood minute inspection.

Often the pranks were frightening. Lady Whitehouse relates that in May, 1931, while visiting the Foysters, she and her husband, Sir George, smelled smoke and discovered an inexplicable fire in a locked and empty bedroom. The same evening, several pieces of flint dropped mysteriously on the stairway. Suddenly the old-fashioned pull bells, whose wires had been cut, rang out wildly in room after room.

On a later visit, Lady Whitehouse found Mrs. Foyster ill in bed. The two Foyster children complained, "We don't like so many things falling."

"I put my gloves and parasol on Mrs. Foyster's bed and went to collect some clothes for her and the children," Lady Whitehouse says. "As I was leaving the room, she called after me: 'Your things are going!'

"I went back to find my gloves and parasol on the dressing table. I then went to get Mrs. Foyster a cup of tea; as I came back, a small glass bottle seemed to start from the middle of the room and fell at my feet."

When squads of investigators descended on Borley to observe—and if possible to debunk—they succeeded only in finding new phenomena. For example, Price and a young Oxford graduate, Ellic Howe, systematically put colored chalk circles around every movable item in the manse, and placed matchboxes, tobacco tins, cigarette cartons and other small objects here and there in the rooms, also circling them.

At 8:30 P.M., they locked all doors and windows while they motored to near-by Sudbury for a meal. When they returned at 9:15, none of the entrances had been disturbed—but in the Blue Room a tobacco tin had been moved three inches from its chalked outline and a small box had somehow traveled seven feet.

The day that Price ended his year-long tenancy at Borley, its unseen inhabitants presented him with one last teasing, romantic mystery. He made his final room-by-room examination so scrupulously that he even took note of a matchstick lying on the Blue Room floor. At 8 and 10 P.M., he rechecked the rooms. Nothing was amiss.

But at midnight, making the rounds again by flashlight, his beam picked up the glint of some-

thing on the Blue Room floor. It was a woman's gold wedding ring. The hallmark showed it had been made in Birmingham in 1864, the year after Borley was first lived in. How it got into the Blue Room, who had once worn and discarded it—these were questions that were never answered.

Reading the dry, detailed reports submitted by Price's investigators, you get now and then an uneasy feeling about that strange and isolated house:

Flight Lieut. R. Carter Jonas—"All seemed to be much the same as before, except that in one place upstairs there was an overpowering smell of incense, which we had not noticed before."

Dr. H. F. Bellamy, medical researcher—"At 12:50 A.M., electric bell under books on mantelpiece in living room rang for a minute, then ceased abruptly. This apparatus had been tested for delicacy of adjustment earlier in the evening and the books replaced. Now the books were displaced. The window was sealed."

Rupert Haig, lawyer in the Colonial Legal Service—"Suddenly the air surrounding me became ice-cold, my hands became icy, and my hair stood on end. I was rigid. The sensation lasted about 20 seconds."

Mark Kerr-Pearse, of the British Legation staff at Geneva—"Sept. 21, 1 P.M.: A single but distinct rap on door of Base Room. Went into hall, but neither saw nor heard anything. Sept. 21, 8:30 P.M.: While standing with my cousin on landing outside Blue Room, we heard a rustling noise below, caused by the moving of a sack of coal (weighing 50 pounds) some 18 inches. This sack was lying on its side against wall in passage. I had noticed its position by a stain on the floor."



Sidney H. Glanville, consulting engineer—"At 2 A.M., Kerr-Pearse, Roger (his son) and I were sitting on the landing in the dark when we *all* heard heavy muffled footsteps walk across the hall under us. They were quite distinct and no mistake was possible."

Captain Gregson, last tenant of the manse—"Within a day or two of our taking possession of the Rectory, we lost our dog in a strange way. He was a black cocker, the most sane and shrewd dog possible. I took him out one night to get water from the courtyard pump. I distinctly heard footsteps at the far end of the courtyard, as though something were treading over the wooden trap door leading to the cellars. My dog stopped dead and positively went mad. He shrieked and tore away, still shrieking, and we have not seen or heard of him since. I searched the yard, but no one was there."

Shortly afterwards, the Captain purchased another spaniel. In the courtyard, the second dog displayed the same wild alarm and vanished forever.

The fantastic and bizarre were multiplied dozens of times over at Borley. Once, when snow covered the Rectory grounds, a trail of un-

identifiable footprints—neither human nor animal—ran diagonally across the garden, disappearing at the wall as though the "something" had been whisked into the air. Another time, with two witnesses present, an eight-ounce paper knife rose from the floor, flipped in the air and landed in a man's lap.

Such reports, with their wealth of corroborative details, convinced Price that the Rectory was the scene of genuine psychic phenomena. For inscrutable reasons, he believed, things from some other world *did* visit Borley. Not pretending to know the why of it, he stated the facts with eloquence and logic:

"The evidence submitted by our witnesses for the haunting of Borley Rectory would be acceptable in a court of law in consideration of their number, their integrity, their unemotionalism, their disinterestedness and their skill.

"Can *all* of these 100 witnesses have been mistaken? Is it possible that *all* these people over a period of 60 years have been the victims of visual and aural illusions?

"Of course, it is possible that people said they saw or heard things when they knew they did not. But would 100 people tell the same or similar lie in the same way and with the same wealth of detail? I am quite certain they would not. That would be a phenomenon as remarkable as any seen at Borley."

For the layman, the evidence is more than ample: the shrouded woman, the black hand, the disembodied voices, the unseen things that moved heavy objects and rang bells, the unknown monster that tramped in the garden snow. Few of us would have dared to live in the house, or investigate the happenings that occurred there. Even Miss Ethel Bull said that nothing on earth could persuade her to spend one night in the place that had been her childhood home.

Today, Borley Rectory is a gutted shell of smoke-stained brick and gaping windows. But it still is remembered far and wide as England's most haunted house.

All in the Day's Work

VOLUNTEERS AT RED Cross headquarters, Dayton, Ohio, still marvel at the incident in which they took a hand not long ago. At 9:45 A.M., a man from Louisville, Kentucky, walked into headquarters with this story: his wife had come to Dayton to take a job, he'd lost the address, their five-year-old child was dying in Louisville; could the Red Cross help him find his wife?

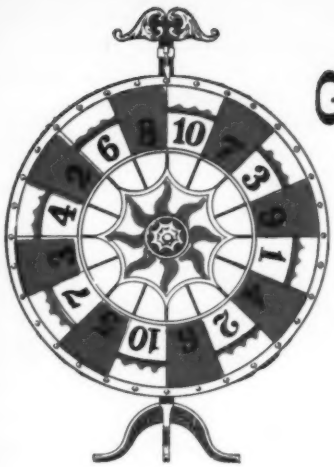
The Red Cross started at once to get the information to the public. A 10 A.M. broadcaster tacked it on to his five-minute newscast. A Dayton man, driving down Main Street, heard the announcement, recognized the woman's description as fitting a new waitress he'd seen at breakfast. The motorist drove to the restaurant and told the waitress, who phoned the Red Cross.

At 10:15 A.M., the man and his wife were on their way to Louisville and the Red Cross volunteer workers were limp with excitement!

—MARJ HEYDUCK

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Got Your Number?



One and one make two. Two and two make four. But what makes 50,022,782? It's simple addition for which we even give you the answer first. What we *don't* give you is indicated by the blank space in each of the eighteen unfinished well-known phrases below. Just put the correct answers in the right-hand column; add them up. On page 140 you can see how it's done.

1	..... men on a dead man's chest	15
2	Lady from ..29.. Palms	
3	..... Frenchmen can't be wrong	
4	Ali Baba and the ..40.. Thieves	
5	..... horsemen of the Apocalypse	
6	..... Nights in a Barroom	
7	...3.. Blind Mice	
8	..2... if by sea	
9	Into the valley of death rode the	
10	Methuselah lived 969. years	
11	1,001 and one Nights	
12	When you were sweet ..11..	
13	..53.. Days of Musa Dagh	
14	..... Leagues under the Sea	
15	..... Keys to Baldpate	
16	Spirit of ..76..	
17	...10.. Downing Street	
18	..30.. days hath September	
	TOTAL	50,022,782

DISASTER AT CHERRY MINE



by JAMES DOUGLAS JOHNSON

The nation shuddered as flaming death swept the shafts of an Illinois colliery

SIX BALES OF HAY were loaded into a coal car, and a husky laborer rolled it from the barn. The rain had stopped, but mud lay deep beside the narrow track. A cold wind slapped the man's overalls as he pushed the load into a waiting elevator. He signaled, the cables whined, and the car disappeared.

Three hundred and twenty feet down, a mule driver hitched the car onto six others and hauled the train down the busy passage. It was darker than usual in the mine. A power line had broken, so kerosene torches hung from beams alongside useless electric bulbs. Near an air shaft, the driver switched onto a spur where the car could wait until someone got around to taking it down to the third level where 60 mules were stabled.

He gave the load a final shove and went on with his work. No one saw the fodder roll under a beam, tip one of the torches and splash burning kerosene over the straw.

Months later, experts investigating the shocking Cherry Mine disaster of 1909 pieced this story together and shuddered. A more devilish human crematory cannot be imagined: there was kerosene to ignite the blaze, hay for tinder, dry timbers for kindling, and countless tons of coal to feed the furnace. The holocaust seemed even more horrible because it need never have happened.

Scene of the grim catastrophe,

third most fatal in this country's coal-mining history, was Cherry, Illinois, a company town of 2,000 built around the St. Paul Coal Company's mine. There was irony in the drab settlement's name. Stark gray towers rising above the mine shaft were banked with black mountains of coal. Four hundred houses, a few stores, and 17 saloons lined the rutted streets.

The St. Paul mine was modern, and considered one of the nation's safest. Huge fans pushed fresh air below. Heavy pumps kept the tunnels dry. Two steel cages operated between the surface and the second level. Below the main shaft, a smaller hoist had been improvised to serve bottom workings.

At 1:00 P.M. on November 13, a miner smelled smoke and ran to where the hay-loaded car stood burning on the track. His shouts were answered by several workmen. They pushed the blazing cargo to an air shaft and hurled the bales into a water-filled sump below, but strong drafts fanned and scattered the straw.

When hoses were pulled from racks, pressure was low, and only a trickle of water came out. A wide circle of timbers caught fire. The workmen beat flaming wood with sweaty shirts, spread burning coal dust with shovels until the heat became unbearable. Tunnel walls cracked, releasing inflammable gas. Then the miners fled in panic, and a dreadful cry echoed through the corridors.

"The mine's afire!"

Some of the 300 men on the second level heard the shouts and raced for the elevators. Workers in faraway galleries were unaware of peril until smoke drifted to them.

Miner John Phillips started toward the lift. A crew of eight men rushed past him, going the wrong way, and insisted that he follow them. At least 20 men sat in a row along the wall, waiting resignedly for death. Engulfed by smoke, miners sagged to the floor clawing at their throats: others ran pell-mell down the tracks.

Phillips crawled through the passage, gasped for breath, then remembered his tobacco pouch. Dumping its contents, he pulled the sack over his nose and mouth, and tied the drawstrings behind his head. The inspiration saved two lives. Within 100 feet of the hoist, Phillips found an unconscious friend and pulled him to safety.

Sixteen trapper boys were in the mine—opening and closing small doors that channeled fresh air. Some of them were under 16: they had lied about their ages to get on the pay roll. One of the boys ran to his father when the fire started and together they sought escape. The youth finally slumped to the earth.

"Go on, Pa. Leave me here," the boy pleaded.

The father pulled off his belt, strapped the limp body to his back and struggled toward the cage. Within sight, he stumbled and fell. But his cries were heard and two nearly lifeless forms were hoisted to the surface.

On the mine's third level, below the raging fire, almost 200 men were trapped. A cage tender pressed the signal button without response. The frantic mob crowded around him, pleading: "For God's sake, take us up!"

When the miners realized the

hoist would never move, they swarmed over its cage and began to scale the shaft's perpendicular walls. The tender followed, clawing the polished face for handholds, balancing on brittle juts of coal. Smoke and heat from the fire directly above blinded the climbers. They screamed and slipped back, dragging others down to form a mound of broken bodies at the bottom.

A few miners and the tender managed to reach the top. Heads and hands were gashed, skin blistered, lungs taxed to bursting. Mine superintendent John Bundy found the men climbing from the shaft and guided them to the elevator. Several minutes later he keeled over, dead of exhaustion.

ON THAT WINDY November afternoon, the miners' wives were hanging wash, sweeping porches, nursing babies. Suddenly, black smoke blossomed over the tall structures that straddled the town. Women screamed. In a few minutes, Cherry's whole population had gathered at the pit mouth.

Among the first to arrive was the company physician, a tall, calm young man, Dr. L. D. Howe. At the elevator, he turned and called for volunteers. A few stepped forward. Some were miners, skilled in survival underground; others were untrained. Twelve men were lowered into the earth—only one lived through the following hours.

At the second level, scorching air whirled around them, flames singed their faces. Stupefied miners were led or dragged to the waiting hoist. When the rescuers felt faint, they rose to the surface for fresh air. Some, who did not realize their danger in time, were overcome and dropped in the darkness.

When one lift appeared at the shaft top, the crowd gasped, women fainted. Four men lay smothered on the roof where they had climbed to escape the heat. Eight others were slumped against the cage's sides, their clothing black and smoldering. They had been roasted alive.

The hoists were repeatedly lowered, but they returned empty. No one dared to go back into the inferno. No one came out. Officials estimated that more than 300 miners were trapped.

Mothers, wives and children huddled together around the colliery. All of them stared at the motionless elevators, waiting in dumb agony for some miracle that never came. A dreadful pall spread over the dismal town. Families sobbed and moaned.

Flatcars loaded with 7,200-gallon tanks rolled in from near-by towns and pumps hammered all day, pouring tons of water into the shafts. But the fire raged on. Late that afternoon, a platform of heavy planks was built across each smoking shaft mouth. The next day the air shaft was closed. Bystanders did not fully realize what was happening until the wooden covers were buried under wet sand. The mine had been sealed.

Imaginations ran wild. Distraught wives were convinced their husbands still lived but would soon suffocate without air. Poison gas would fill every passage. Men would climb to the surface and find no exit.

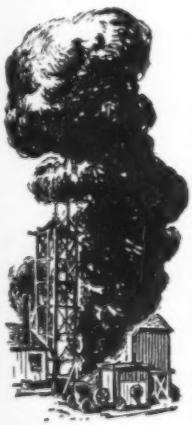
Mining engineers tried to explain. If the fire continued to be nourished by oxygen, it would burn

forever. Water could not reach it. It had to be smothered.

By late Tuesday, even the wives had given up. Families turned away in despair. Their pleas were heart-rending: "Give us our dead. Let us bury them."

That evening a Polish miner ran from his house to the back yard, flattened himself on the ground and listened. Then he jumped up and cried: "There are men alive down there!" People gathered as he explained the startling news. "My house is over the mine. Three times we have been shaken. They are signaling with dynamite."

Farmers on the edge of town confirmed this story. Muffled rumblings came from the earth beneath their fields. To frantic mothers and wives, the explosions brought new hope. Their men still lived. They were begging for help.



The crowd's temper changed. There was talk of violence, and officials were threatened. Sullen groups stood along the tracks Wednesday morning and watched two companies of state militia climb off special trains. Armed soldiers guarded the colliery, blocked roads, patrolled the streets. There were no outbreaks, but Cherry rocked on the edge of rebellion.

By now, the outside world wanted to help. Committees were formed in many cities to raise funds. Money, food and clothing began to pour in. The whole nation watched Cherry, Illinois.

On Thursday the mine was opened. Dead miners were piled like cordwood into elevator cages. A big tent erected near the main shaft became the morgue. Charred bodies lay in rows, and the pitiful process of identification began. Hearses shuttled endlessly between the graveyard and town.

They found Sam Howard with a diary at his side. He was 20 and would have been married on Christmas Day, so he wanted to leave word that his fiancée should have his diamond ring.

The youngster described the tortures of hunger and thirst his party endured. Sunday evening, they had tried to make the bottom where the air might be better. "We had to come back," he noted simply. "We can't move front or backward. What is a fellow going to do when he's done the best he can?"

For two days, volunteers combed the deep recesses, recovering bodies. On Saturday afternoon, a full week after the fire started, a party searching the south entry heard noises. Out of the gloom stumbled eight ghostly figures—miners who had lived through a nightmare. They told of 12 others, too weak to stand, at the end of the passage.

Seven days before, they had found themselves cut off from the main hoist and hurried toward a remote passage to make a last stand. Stones, lumps of coal, clothing, empty dynamite kegs were piled into barricades to plug the tunnel opening.

When their scant food gave out, they chewed cap bands, leather

gloves and belts. Holes were picked in the floor, and every few hours enough moisture collected to dampen a parched tongue.

On Saturday morning, their situation was desperate. One miner became hysterical and beat down part of the lifesaving wall. He ran out into the darkness; they heard him stumble and fall. The barricade was painfully rebuilt.

Finally, they heard distant sounds and stumbled toward the oncoming lights of rescuers. The ordeal was over. Twenty men had lived.

But no other survivors were found. In a few days, the fires began smoldering again, so cement caps were laid over each exit. They were not removed for months, but the Cherry Mine was not forgotten.

A total of 259 men had died. More than 450 children were partially orphaned. One of the most dramatic mine disasters in industrial history had occurred. Publishers, clergymen, teachers, the public—all asked why.

Their answer came from official and private investigations. Not one report put its finger on any major cause. The calamity need never have happened. It was a result of minor oversight, slight carelessness. Fate linked them together and murdered. The mine had been a model of safety for its time, but it was not safe enough.

The Cherry disaster brought the hazards of mining dramatically to public attention. Laws were enacted and enforced. Inspections stiffened. Scientific devices were invented and installed. Disasters decreased in number and intensity. To today's miners, the 259 men who died in the flaming Illinois shafts left a significant legacy.

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Do You Really See?

(Quiz on page 97)

1. a; 2. a; 3. b; 4. c; 5. c; 6. a; 7. c; 8. a; 9. b; 10. a; 11. c; 12. a; 13. b; 14. a; 15. a; 16. c; 17. b; 18. b; 19. a; 20. b.

What Do You Know About Christmas?

(Quiz on page 109)

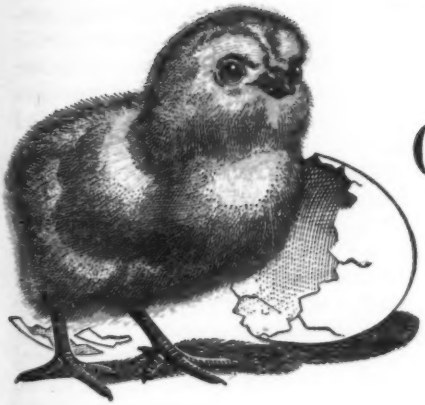
1. c; 2. c; 3. c; 4. c; 5. c; 6. b; 7. a; 8. b; 9. b; 10. c; 11. b; 12. a.

Got Your Number?

(Quiz on page 135)

1. 15; 2. 29; 3. 50,000,000; 4. 40; 5. 4; 6. 10; 7. 3; 8. 2; 9. 600; 10. 900; 11. 1,000; 12. 16; 13. 40; 14. 20,000; 15. 7; 16. 76; 17. 10; 18. 30.

ANDY CHRISTIE and His Golden Chicks



by GRACE DESCHAMPS

How a city salesman with an idea and a longing for the country became a world-renowned breeder of blue-ribbon poultry

ANDY CHRISTIE, SALESMAN of ladies' ready-to-wear, put down his sample cases outside the buyer's stuffy office and wiped his face. The cases were heavy on a warm day.

Andy had been peddling ready-to-wear for 12 years, but you were lucky if you made a sale in five calls. Furthermore, he hated the noisy, crowded cities, where you had to trudge from store to store.

As he waited in the stuffy office, he fished from his pocket a much-creased magazine and gazed happily at the cover. The idyllic scene showed a farmhouse nestling against low green hills and, in the foreground, a sunbonneted youngster scattering grain to a flock of plump white leghorns.

Gradually the office lost its painfully familiar trappings and became a barnyard—a wonderful barnyard filled with hundreds of Andy's downy chicks that grew into marketable broilers and layers of double-yolked eggs.

From the office doorway, the buyer's amused laugh sent Andy's poultry journal back into his pocket and his chickens scattering. Yet today, Christie's chicks, 8,000,000 of them a year, are no dream. They have carried his fame around the world and have won him a fortune. The ready-to-wear salesman who, at 35, quit his job and borrowed on his life insurance to buy 300 ready-to-wear pullets, is now one of the world's foremost breeders of blue-ribbon chicks.

Every day, more than 20,000 day-old chicks and 15,000 hatching eggs from Christie's eight farms in or around Kingston, New Hampshire, are shipped by air and rail to 48 states and foreign countries. In the Soviet Union, flocks of Christie's New Hampshire pullets are laying grade-A American eggs. The first Yankee chicks ever flown to Britain were Christie's. His sturdy New

Hampshires are also laying eggs in Saskatchewan and Alaska, close to the Arctic Circle.

If you like to eat chicken—Maryland fried, en cocotte or roasted in your own oven—you have probably eaten Andy's New Hampshires because they are a top favorite with marketmen and restaurateurs. In a recent nationwide contest to discover "The Bird of Tomorrow," a meaty chicken which is still a good layer and looks well on the counter, marketmen awarded four out of five prizes to Christie birds.

Andy's original half-acre, which with three secondhand coops constituted his estate when he started breeding chicks 25 years ago, has become an immense acreage with streamlined incubating plants and executive offices. At this Mecca for agricultural experts and noted personages, he receives so many letters asking advice on how to raise chickens that he has a secretary to answer them.

"There's no secret to it," says Andy. "Just get a good strain, breed 25 per cent more birds than you need, and reject every one that doesn't look like a champion. Then keep the birds clean, healthy, well-fed, full of vitamins—and you can't lose!"

Generally, however, he adds this warning: "Don't go in for poultry raising unless you have real money to fall back on after setting up your first year's flock. Countless people lose their shirts every year because they don't realize what they're up against financially, after buying flocks and equipment."

The career of the impecunious apparel salesman who turned poultry breeder is the story of an unshakable faith tied to an unbreakable will—of a slight, dogged man who could absorb punishment, and then ask for more. He chose New Hampshire for his flock, blood relatives of the sturdy Rhode Island Reds. And for nine years, while he wrestled with debts, the ex-salesman raised chicks and discarded more than half of them.

He bred birds for wide and deep frames. He bred chicks that feathered early and could survive rigorous weather. He developed pullets that went into early egg production; and he reduced the mortality rate in his laying hens.

Christie, who had never finished grammar school because, at 12, he had to get a job, became the delight of the agricultural colleges. Professors everywhere encouraged him in his quest for a superstrain. Meanwhile, though debts were mounting, Andy refused to sell his hatching eggs or chicks. Dealers would have bought, but Christie knew they weren't good enough—as yet.

The day that his six-year-old daughter, Ruth, begged for a party dress, the bank had threatened to foreclose his farm and the feed company to stop his grain. Anyone less rugged and capable than Christie would have surrendered to hard facts. But Andy took his tearful daughter in his arms.

"Some day," he promised her, "Daddy'll buy you new dresses—lots of them!"

When creditors tracked him to a hencoop and threatened to seize his chicks, Andy's dark eyes glowed with confidence. Give him a little longer, he pleaded, and his birds would pay off handsomely. His creditors agreed, for there was

something about Christie that made people believe in him.

Finally, in 1932, Christie was ready with his blue-ribbon chicks. They promptly took so many prizes in county, state and national shows that when Christie's name appeared on the list of exhibitors, many long-time winners knew their chances had virtually disappeared.

Christie's beautiful New Hampshires were the talk of the shows—full-bodied, deep-breasted birds, luxuriously feathered in glistening reddish chestnut. "They've got spizzerinktum!" pronounced Prof. Richard W. Graham of the University of Toronto, international poultry authority. Since that day, Christie's birds have taken 40 gold and silver cups.

Andy sold 20,000 chicks the first year. Next year he sold 48,000 baby chicks and 50,000 hatching eggs. Money was tight—it was the country's worst depression—but poultrymen wanted Christie's chicks. The third year he sold 500,000 and as many hatching eggs. Now he averages a total of 8,000,000 a year.

Success has brought Christie something which doesn't always come with wealth and fame—personal happiness. He lives in a beautiful home with his wife and three children. His own hard youth has been more than compensated for in the pleasure he has experienced in staking some promising boy to a college education or a start in life.

Through years of struggle, his inspiration has come from proverbs. "What little I know," he declares with simple dignity, "is based on wise sayings. I take them seriously."

His favorite hangs above his desk. "Make no small plans," it counsels. "They have no magic to stir men's blood and probably, themselves, will not be realized. Make big plans. Aim high, remembering that a noble, logical diagram, once recorded, will never die."

THE Coronet KIDDIES ARE BACK!

THOSE POPULAR youngsters, the CORONET kiddies, in full natural color, are waiting for you as part of two CORONET Lucite specialties, now presented in a combination package.

There is a beautifully designed Lucite Memo Roll, combining an easy-to-use memorandum pad on a handy roller with the calendar featuring the CORONET kiddies.

Then there is the handsome, modern Lucite Calendar, ideal for your desk. The kiddies are featured on the acetate-protected calendar sheets, one for each month.

This attractive combination—the Lucite Memo Roll and the Lucite Desk Calendar—is only $3.00. You may order as many as you wish by simply sending your check or money order to Coronet Readers' Service, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.



"The Strongest Man in the World"

by JAMES MADDEN MACINTYRE

The prodigious feats of Angus MacAskill are a part of Nova Scotia's folklore

IN A VILLAGE NAMED Englishtown, high in the hills overlooking St. Ann's Bay on Cape Breton Island, one of P. T. Barnum's biggest attractions is buried beneath a huge oval of neatly trimmed sod. The white tombstone does little more than tell the man's name and the number of years in his life. But deep in the gigantic earthen crypt lies all that now remains of one of the strongest mortals ever to walk the earth.

Angus MacAskill, the Cape Breton giant, whose prodigious size and feats of superhuman strength amazed thousands the world over, was the only man ever to stamp his foot at Queen Victoria—and then receive a gold ring and a smile of approval from Her Britannic Majesty for his effort.

At a command performance, the Queen requested MacAskill to show her and the assembled peers an example of his giantism. Angus glanced around the room, glittering with medals and diamonds. When he saw that there was nothing heavy enough for him to lift, so the story goes, he raised his foot and stamped it on the floor of the reception hall. After he stepped back and bowed to the Queen, the outline of his huge shoe was visible in the wood.

Angus MacAskill, born in Scotland in 1825, was one of 13 children his average-sized parents brought to Nova Scotia. As a growing boy, he showed no evidence of being different from other lads in the little community where his father had opened a sawmill.

First evidence of his extraordinary power was given when Angus was still small enough to be rebuked

by his father. In pioneering days, lumber was cut by whipsaws mounted on scaffolds seven or eight feet high. As the logs were massive and heavy, three good men were required to get them in position on the top rack of the saw pit. One day, the boy's father and three older brothers had just raised an exceptionally heavy timber when Angus came to call them to dinner.

When the family was seated, the father poured wine for himself and the elder sons. But when 14-year-old Angus held out his glass, MacAskill knocked it from the boy's hand. "If you are old enough to drink wine, you're old enough to be with your brothers at the mill," he shouted.

The boy ran from the house in a rage. When the laborers returned to their work, they found Angus sitting on the log they had left at the pit. But the log was now on the ground and the father and brothers accused the lad of getting farmers to help him with his mischief. Then they were treated to the unbelievable sight of the boy picking up the heavy beam alone and tossing it back on the pit!

After this feat, the lad's days of roaming the woods with his Micmac Indian friends were ended. Under his father's instruction, he became a skilled farmer, but it was not until he was 16 that his stature began showing signs of the change which later would make him "The World's Strongest Human." At 17, Angus stood six feet, seven inches. Two years later his vertical growth stopped at seven feet, nine; but when his massive frame filled out, he tipped the scales at 425 pounds of bone and muscle.

Unlike other famous giants whose growth is now attributed by medical science to a pituitary disturbance, MacAskill had a normal appetite. He smoked a pipe and drank rum—but no amount of the latter seemed to have any effect on either his person or his manners. On his first visit to New York, he awed patrons in a tavern by picking up a puncheon containing 140 gallons and raising it to drink from the bunghole.

As a farmer he took great pride in his ability as a plowman. Once, while he was helping his father plow a field, a neighboring farmer bet Angus that the pair could not finish the field by sundown. When there were still many furrows to be turned, one of the horses gave out. With his father at the plow, Angus picked up the traces and proved himself more than a match for the remaining animal.

With a chest measurement of about 70 inches, the Cape Breton Giant had long muscular arms and hands six inches wide at the palms. One of his huge shoes (still preserved in his native village) once served as a bassinet in which a female cat bore and weaned her litter of kittens in ample comfort.

A DEVOUT CHRISTIAN, MacAskill attended church regularly and took a healthy interest in improving his own and his friends' way of life. His dislike for rowdyism prevented him from accepting the challenge of a 250-pound heavyweight, but when the fighter openly accused Angus of cowardice, a match was arranged in the Giant's home town.

Chartered boats from Sydney, 30 miles down the coast, brought in

sportsmen and gamblers from Canadian and American cities. A pipers' band with the multicolored tartans of Old Scotland led the parade to the barn that was to be used as the arena. But the Giant's loyal country friends were hard-pressed to cover the money of the gamblers, who were certain that Angus, in spite of his bulk and strength, would be no match for the scientific battler.

The mob cheered as the two men stepped to the center of the barn. Then there was tense silence as David and Goliath were told by the referee to shake hands. The antagonists clasped hands, and as they did, the heavyweight let out a cry of agony and fell to his knees. The fight was over. MacAskill had crushed his opponent's hand, leaving it a pulp of broken bones with blood spurting from the fingers.

In 1849, when Angus was 24, Barnum brought him to New York. With Tom Thumb, he toured the country for five years, billed as "The World's Largest and Smallest Humans." At the climax of their act, the midget danced a jig on the Giant's outstretched palm.

If the Giant's mother had accompanied him on his tours, he would undoubtedly have lived to a ripe old age, for she was the only one who could induce him not to exert himself over a wager. It was in New York, after his last tour of Europe, that he performed the feat which resulted in his death a few years later.

To win a $1,000 bet, MacAskill hoisted a 2,200-pound anchor above his head. In lowering the awkward lift, one of the flukes caught his shoulder, causing a wound that shattered his health.

With a snug fortune, he returned to Englishtown where he built two gristmills and a store which he ran for several years. His health broken, the Giant's favorite pastime was to sit on his favorite seat—a 140-gallon molasses puncheon—and tell his fellow villagers of the sights he had seen on his tours.

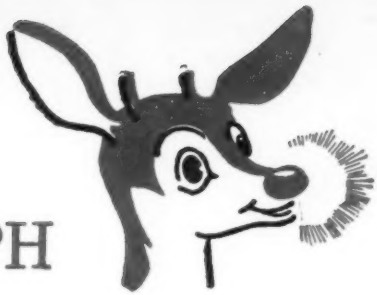
In the towns and villages of Cape Breton Island, rich in the Celtic folklore of the Scottish Highlands, the belief still persists that Angus MacAskill was the strongest man who ever lived. Year after year, people from miles around come to pay homage at his grave and to gaze in silence at the simple inscription on the little tombstone:

> Erected
> to the Memory of
> ANGUS MACASKILL
> the Nova Scotian Giant
> Who Died August 8, 1863
> Aged 38 Years.



There Are Smiles . . .

No smile is so beautiful as the one that struggles through tears.
—*I Quote*, edited by VIRGINIA ELY, *Stewart Publishing Co.*



RUDOLPH that Amazing Reindeer

by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR. and STANLEY FRANKEL

His lovable antics have delighted millions of children; here is the inspiring story of how he was born when a father tried to comfort an unhappy little girl

ON A DECEMBER NIGHT in Chicago ten years ago, a little girl climbed onto her father's lap and asked a question. It was a simple question, asked in childish curiosity, yet it had a heart-rending effect on Robert May.

"Daddy," four-year-old Barbara May asked, "why isn't my Mommy just like everybody else's mommy?"

Bob May stole a glance across his shabby two-room apartment. On a couch lay his young wife, Evelyn, racked with cancer. For two years she had been bedridden; for two years, all Bob's small income and smaller savings had gone to pay for treatments and medicines.

The terrible ordeal already had shattered two adult lives. Now, May suddenly realized, the happiness of his growing daughter was also in jeopardy. As he ran his fingers through Barbara's hair, he groped for some satisfactory answer to her question.

For Bob May knew only too well what it meant to be "different." As a child he had been weak and delicate. With the innocent cruelty of children, his playmates had continually goaded the stunted, skinny lad to tears. Later at Dartmouth, from which he was graduated in 1926, Bob May was so small that he was always being mistaken for someone's "little brother."

Nor was his adult life much happier. Unlike many of his classmates who floated from college into plush jobs, Bob became a lowly copy writer for a New York department store. Later, in 1935, he went to work writing copy for Montgomery Ward, the big Chicago mail-order house. Now, at 33, May was deep in debt, depressed and miserable.

Although Bob didn't know it at the time, the answer he gave the tousle-haired child on his lap was to catapult him to fame and fortune. It was also to bring joy to countless thousands of children like

his own Barbara. On that December night in the shabby Chicago apartment, May cradled the little girl's head against his shoulder and began to tell a story . . .

Once upon a time there was a reindeer named Rudolph—the only reindeer in the whole world that had a big red nose. Naturally, people called him "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer." As Bob went on to tell about Rudolph, he tried desperately to communicate to Barbara the knowledge that, even though some creatures of God are strange and different, they often enjoy the miraculous power to make others happy.

Rudolph, Bob explained, was terribly embarrassed by his unique nose. Other reindeer laughed at him; his mother and father and sisters and brothers were mortified too. Even Rudolph wallowed in self-pity.

"Why was I born with such a terrible nose?" he cried.

Well, continued Bob, one Christmas Eve, Santa Claus got his team of four husky reindeer — Dasher, Dancer, Prancer and Vixen—ready for their yearly round-the-world trip. The entire reindeer community assembled to cheer these great heroes on their way. But a terrible fog engulfed the earth that evening, and Santa knew that the mist was so thick he wouldn't be able to find any chimneys.

Suddenly Rudolph appeared — his red nose glowing brighter than ever—and Santa sensed at once that here was the answer to his perplexing problem. He led Rudolph to the front of the sleigh, fastened the harness and climbed in. They were off! Rudolph guided Santa safely to every chimney that night. Rain and fog—snow and sleet—nothing bothered Rudolph, for his bright nose penetrated the mist like a beacon.

And so it was that Rudolph became the most famous and beloved of all reindeer. The huge red nose he once hid in shame was now the envy of every buck and doe in the reindeer world. Santa Claus told everyone that Rudolph had saved the day—and from that Christmas Eve onward, Rudolph has been living serenely and happily . . .

LITTLE BARBARA LAUGHED with glee when her father finished. Every night she begged him to repeat the tale—until finally Bob could rattle it off in his sleep. Then, as Christmas neared, he decided to make the story into a poem like "The Night Before Christmas"—and prepare it in booklet form, illustrated with crude pictures, for Barbara's personal gift.

Night after night, Bob worked on the verses after Barbara had gone to bed, polishing each phrase and sentence. He was determined his daughter should have a worth-while gift, even though he could not afford to buy one.

Then, as May was about to put the finishing touches on "Rudolph," tragedy struck. Evelyn May died. Bob, his hopes crushed, turned to Barbara as his chief comfort. Yet despite his grief, he sat at his desk in the quiet, now-lonely apartment,



and worked on "Rudolph" with tears in his eyes.

Shortly after Barbara had cried with joy over his handmade gift on Christmas morning, Bob was asked to an employees' holiday party at Montgomery Ward's. He didn't want to go, but his office associates insisted. When Bob finally agreed, he took with him the poem—and read it to the crowd. At first the noisy throng listened in laughing gaiety. Then they became silent—and at the end, broke into spontaneous applause.

Several Ward executives asked Bob for copies. Then someone suggested: why not put the poem into booklet form as a free gift for Ward customers the following Christmas? Next year, 1939—a year in which Bob labored to pay his debts and keep Barbara fed and clothed—2,400,000 copies of the book were printed and given free to youngsters whose parents were customers at the hundreds of Montgomery Ward stores all over the country.



The story of the reindeer caught on immediately. Psychologists, teachers and parents hailed Rudolph as a perfect gift for children. Newspapers and magazines printed stories about the new hero. Ward's stores and catalogue offices, placing orders for the following Christmas, asked for 3,000,000 copies.

Meanwhile, May won acclaim—but little else. Montgomery Ward owned the copyright. Yet May was happy in the knowledge that his child—and millions of other children—loved his red-nosed reindeer.

Then the war came, and the giveaway project was shelved. Throughout the war years, however, requests poured in for Rudolph books, toys, games, puzzles, records—all nonexistent. And the demand mounted each Christmas season as parents got out the old Rudolph book and read it to growing families of new Rudolph enthusiasts.

Meanwhile, Rudolph's success did things to Bob May. He forgot his pessimism, began to laugh again and associate with friends. And among those friends was a pretty brunette, a secretary at Montgomery Ward's. In 1941, Bob married Virginia Newton. Together they created three new Rudolph fans—Joanna, Christopher and Ginger.

Finally the war was over—and Ward executives planned a new Rudolph book for Christmas, 1946. More than that, a message came from Sewell Avery, president of Ward's. Touched by the beauty and simplicity of the Rudolph story, he ordered the copyright turned over to Bob—so that May could receive all royalties.

In 1946, 3,600,000 Rudolph booklets had been distributed by Ward's. Promptly a deluge of demands for Rudolph products swamped Ward's and Bob May. Businessmen wired, telephoned and called, seeking permission to manufacture toys, puzzles, slippers, skirts, jewelry and lamps.

A special recording of the poem was made by Victor. Maxton Publishers, Inc., bought the rights to produce a bookstore edition in 1947. Parker Brothers brought out

a Rudolph game. Even Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey circus proudly exhibited a pony, equipped with antlers and an electrically lighted red nose, called "Rudolph the Reindeer."

Christmas of 1947 was the brightest ever for Bob May, his family and Rudolph. Some 6,000,000 copies of the booklet had been given away or sold — making Rudolph one of the most widely distributed books in the world. The demand for Rudolph-sponsored products increased so much in variety and number that educators and historians predicted Rudolph would come to occupy a permanent niche in the Christmas legend.

Sellouts all over the country inspired merchants to make even more elaborate plans for Christmas, 1948. A special feature is the cartoon in Technicolor directed by Max Fleischer and narrated by Paul Wing which is being run this Christmas season in thousands of film houses. Manufacturers are already blueprinting Rudolph merchandise for 1949-1950-1951—with each item sold returning a royalty to Bob May.

His fortune has now been made, and the years ahead look even brighter. Today, Bob is still a shy, thin, affable man who wants more than anything else to build security for himself and his family. He still works at Ward's—now as retail copy chief—and tackles the job with the same perseverance which has characterized his whole life.

Through his years of unhappiness, the tragedy of his first wife's death and his ultimate success with Rudolph, Bob May has captured a sense of serenity. And as each Christmas rolls around, he recalls with thankfulness the night when his daughter Barbara's question inspired him to write the poem that closes on these lines:

But Rudolph was bashful, *despite* being a hero!
And tired! (His *sleep* on the trip totaled zero.)
So that's why his speech was quite short, and not bright—
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS CALENDAR

A POPULAR FEATURE of CORONET is the famed Gallery of Photographs—a section of beautiful pictures chosen by the editors from the thousands which expert photographers submit.

Now, the 12 best pictures of the hundreds which have appeared in CORONET during the past ten years are presented in a CORONET 1949 Gallery of Photographs Calendar, available at only 50 cents.

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Jim Moran makes a profession of staging zany stunts to debunk popular notions

Champion of the Screwballs

by JOHN D. MURPHY

IF AWARDS ARE EVER passed out for the zaniest performance of the year, Jim Moran will likely walk away with first honors. Moran readily admits his "nuttiness," but hastens to explain that he is no ordinary screwball. Instead, he makes money from staging novel stunts, usually to debunk an old saying or a popular notion.



In 1938, he traveled to Alaska to prove that you *can* sell iceboxes to Eskimos. Eventually he found a customer in the person of one "Charlie-Pots-to-Lick," who paid $100 cash, plus several assorted items including sea-lion tusks.

The following year Moran had Fred Waring steer a pedigreed bull, Royalist Dandy Victor, into a china shop in New York City. The bull proved a disappointment to those who use the old cliché, "Like a bull in a china shop." The bull wreaked no damage whatsoever, even remaining calm and placid when two pieces of china were dropped purposely to excite him.

Moran, who was born in Virginia some 40 years ago and attended school in 17 states, selected the nation's Capital as the setting for one of his most bizarre stunts. He piled up 50 tons of hay in downtown Washington and invited a foreign dignitary to hide a needle in it. It took Moran exactly 82 hours and 35 minutes to find the needle, which proved to his satisfaction that you definitely *can* find a needle in a haystack. But otherwise the show was a dismal flop.

"Washingtonians are so used to screwball behavior that no one paid much attention," he recalls. "When people asked what I was doing, and I told them 'Looking for a needle in this haystack,' they just said 'Oh' and walked on."

Moran pulled one of his most spectacular stunts in 1940, when he inserted this ad in a Boston newspaper:

"Wanted: 12 men, unemployed, between 21 and 40, for one day's work. Salary $4. Must have following qualifications: numbers 1 and 2 must be nearsighted; 3 and 4 must be farsighted; 5 and 6 must have normal vision; 7 and 8 must be bleary-eyed; 9 and 10 must be bright-eyed; 11 must have pink-eye; 12 must be cross-eyed."

Next day Moran picked his 12

men from the 250 who responded. His purpose was to prove that the famous command of Colonel Prescott at Bunker Hill, "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes," was the "stupidest command ever issued by an Army officer."

Moran dressed his men in Revolutionary uniforms, equipped them with rifles loaded with blanks, and escorted them to Bunker Hill. At the foot of the hill was a company of "Redcoats," also recruited by Moran. He signaled them to charge after telling the men atop the hill not to fire until they saw the whites of their eyes.

The farsighted men opened fire when the "enemy" was 75 feet away. The men with normal vision waited until they were some 25 feet closer. The nearsighted men delayed firing until the Redcoats were almost on top of them. The bleary-eyed men didn't fire at all and the cross-eyed man shot in the wrong direction.

Moran's most recent stunt gave him the greatest personal satisfaction of his wacky career. Abstract art is something that has long been his pet peeve. "It makes me want to tear my heart out," he says. So when he heard that the Los Angeles Art Association was planning one of its ultraswank art shows, he set out with tongue in cheek and brush in hand to do an abstract masterpiece.

For pigment he used red nail polish, chalk, black ink, and blue and yellow paint. First he smeared the polish over the canvas, then drew two fish swimming in opposite directions and "Fred Allen's eyes with purple bags under 'em." For good measure he pasted on a female leg, an arm and a head, cut from lingerie advertisements.

Looking around for a name for his "masterpiece," Moran's eyes lit on a hair restorer whose advertising slogan was "Three Out of Five." This became the title. He then signed the name "Naromij" (Jim Moran spelled backwards) and mailed the painting with a letter saying that he wished to keep his identity secret.

The judges accepted "Naromij's" work with considerable enthusiasm. Critics said: "It is unmistakably the work of a genius." Looking at the smears of nail polish, they added: "His work is complex and contrived." The pasted-on leg was described as indicative of "boldness and daring in execution."

But what they thought when they found out that their "Oriental artist" was none other than screwball Jim Moran is not for publication

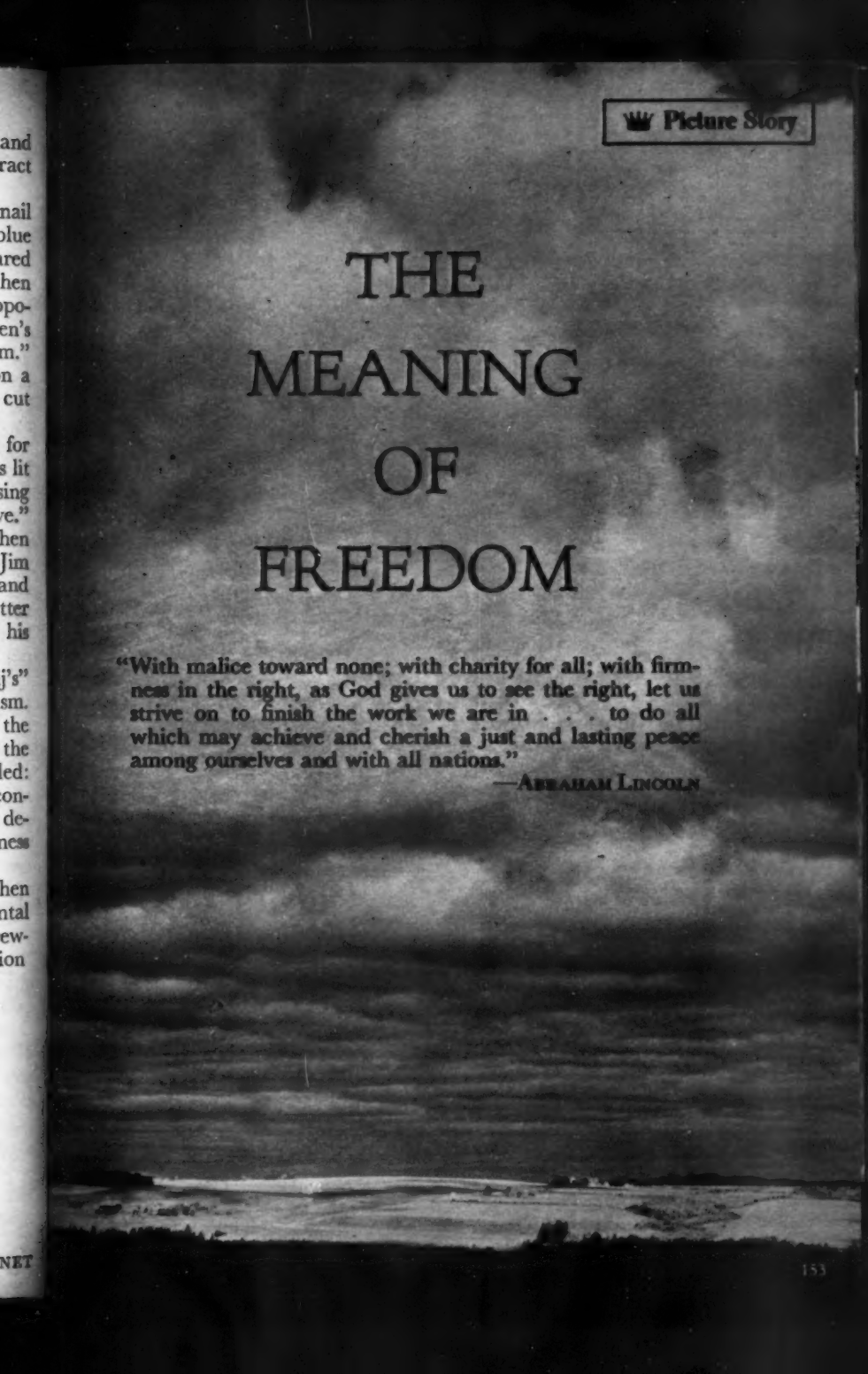
Professional Secrets

A YOUNG LAWYER, dining in a restaurant with his bride, was embarrassed by a hearty greeting from a coarse-looking blonde siren.

"Now don't get suspicious, darling," the lawyer said to his bristling bride. "She's just a girl I met professionally."

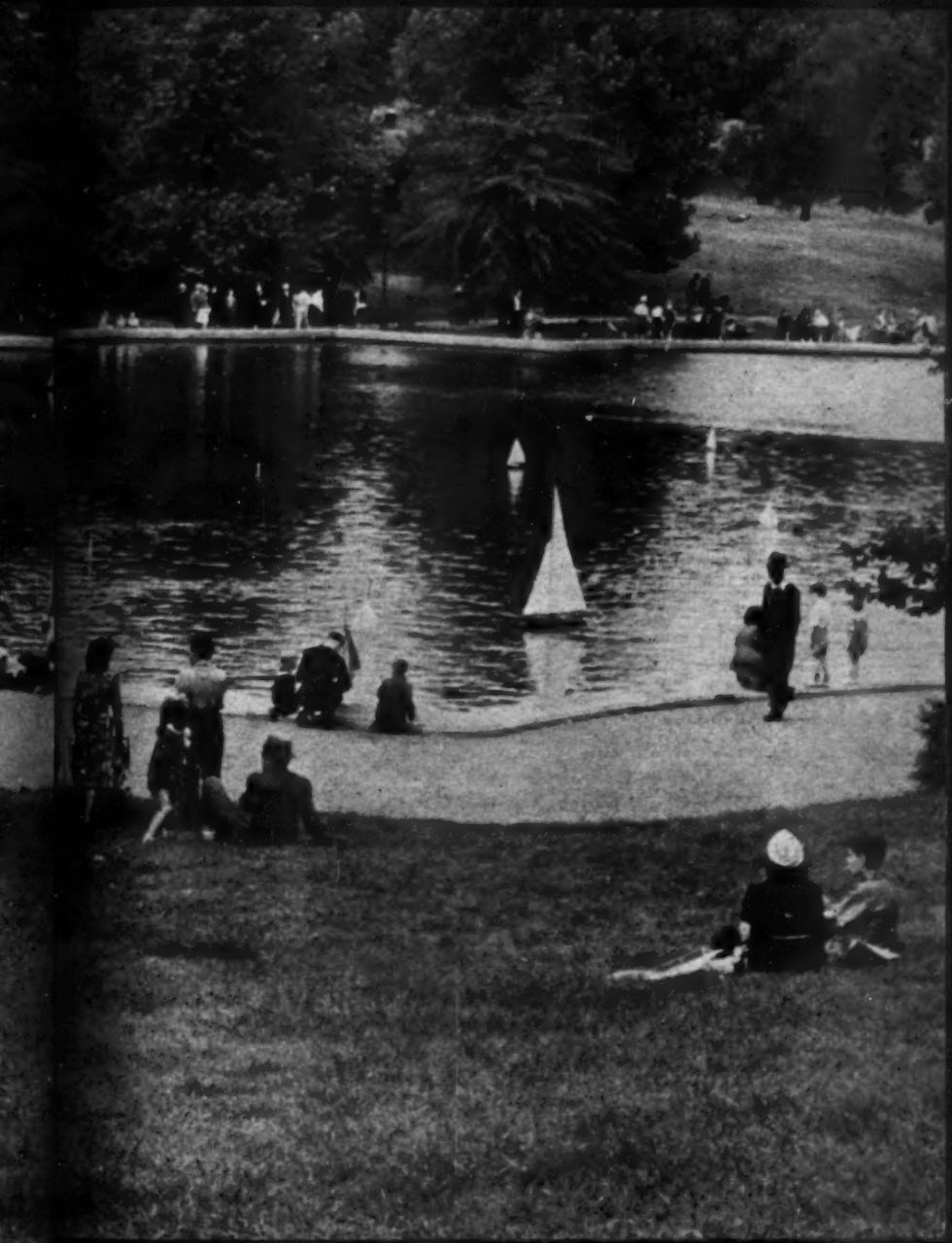
"Indeed!" rasped his glowering wife. "Yours or hers?"

—LUCILLE GREENBERG


Picture Story
THE MEANING OF FREEDOM
"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."
—Abraham Lincoln



Freedom is the living mortar of America's unity. It belongs to all of us and because we are a nation of individuals, freedom has many interpretations within the pattern of our daily lives.



Sunday stroll in the park can be a symbol of security in a land where freedom has been long accepted. Yet today, thoughtful Americans are asking themselves: *What does freedom really mean—to me?*



Throughout our lives we are surrounded by the traditional, outward labels of freedom. But they have meaning only when there is deep inner understanding. True freedom begins as a childhood awakening.



. . . and in maturity; the patriotic emotions of our youth ripen into a solemn sense of responsibility. For freedom must first find its expression within the individual—and then grow outward.



In America, we accept freedom of religion as an unalienable right under the proposition that all men are created equal before God. This truth is the spiritual base of every freedom.



Today, throughout our 48 states, stand some 250,000 churches, representing almost every known creed, denomination, and faith . . .



. . . for freedom means a faith for every seeker. And in this land, wherever and however religious services are held, freedom means the right of every man to seek out God in his own way.



Freedom means more than casting a vote and abiding by the will of the majority. Our system of government demands of every citizen a deep sense of personal responsibility and vigilance.



for freedom works like a wheel, with government at its hub. Between these men—who guard our liberties—and the people they lead, there must be constant interaction along the spokes of public opinion.



Freedom has made America a land of opportunity — where energy, enthusiasm and an economy of free enterprise have converted our natural wealth into the highest standard of living on earth.



This year, Americans at work will earn more than 200 billion dollars. But behind this enormous national pay check lies a vital meaning of freedom—the right of every man to choose his own trade.



In whatever his trade or profession, here every worker has a chance to become the boss—and surround his desk with the familiar tokens of success. For free enterprise is the economic dividend of freedom.



Education is the gateway to freedom. The statutes of freedom are laid down in the Bill of Rights. But the meaning of freedom—like the revelation of faith—each child must discover for himself.



He must learn to listen as well as to speak. He must gain tolerance and understanding of races and creeds not his own. And he must be prepared to balance work and play in the long years of growing up.



And if he is fortunate enough to go to college, he must use this privilege not only for self-improvement but to prepare for leadership in a world where decisions have become increasingly difficult.



In action, freedom can never be selective. It is a give-and-take proposition, by which the unalienable right of any one man to speak his mind must be the right of all—without prejudice or restriction.



To work, freedom must come from the people. It means inquiring into the workings and problems of government at all levels. It means thinking things through critically—yet with good common sense.



And freedom means sharing. It means jury duty, and volunteer community-service work. It means accepting office, and wrestling with down-to-earth local issues long after the town has gone to bed.



This is America's freedom. To each of us it conveys a different personal meaning. But however we see it, freedom has guided our peaceful way of life, and today sustains our hope for a better world.

Condensed Book

WAKE UP AND *Live!*



by DOROTHEA BRANDE

HERE IS A formula for success that is so simple, yet so sound and practical, that it may well change the course of your life. By freeing you from futility and inertia, from what the author calls "The Will to Fail," this almost-magical formula can start you on the way to accomplishments you never thought possible, to the happiness that comes only from full use of your special talents. Dorothea Brande, author, editor and lecturer, worked for 20 years before discovering the formula for herself. During the next two years, her literary output, which included three books, was far greater than for the preceding 20 years! In *Wake Up and Live!* she shares with you her secret of success.

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WAKE UP AND *Live!*



by DOROTHEA BRANDE

WITH THE TIME AND ENERGY we spend in making failure a certainty, we might have certain success. A silly paradox? No—fortunately it is a literal truth, one which holds a great deal of promise for all of us.

Suppose a man had an appointment 100 miles north of his home, and that if he kept it he would be sure of health, happiness and prosperity the rest of his life. He has just time to get there, just enough gas in his car. But he decides it would be more fun to go 25 miles south before starting in earnest.

Nonsense, isn't it? Yet when it comes to going straight to the appointments we make with ourselves and our own fulfillment, we act very much like the hero of this foolish example: we drive the wrong way. We fail where we might have succeeded by spending the same power and time.

But why should this be so? Why do we so seldom live the lives we planned to live? Why do we thwart ourselves senselessly and accomplish so little? Especially, why do we work so hard at failure? Because, besides being creatures subject to the Will to Live and the Will to Power, we are driven by another will, the Will to Fail.

To many of us, this is a new idea. Of the Will to Live and the Will to Power we hear a great deal; but the Will to Fail is harder to observe at work. There are as many individual ways of failing—and failing "honorably" and successfully—as there are subdivisions of psychological types. So it takes us unawares. We are more used to thinking of failure as a phantom than as a reality to be conquered. Yet we go in mortal fear of it all our lives.

To realize that there is this Will to Fail, that there is a down-dragging, frustrating current running counter to all the forces of health and growth in us, is the first step in turning from failure to success. We must face it, and then turn away from it. The procedure is simple, and putting it into practice is so easy that those who prefer to dram-

atize their difficulties may refuse to believe that anything so uncomplicated could possibly help them.

All the equipment you need is imagination and the willingness to disturb your old habit patterns. The process surely is worth trying, for it has worked in hundreds of lives. It can work in any life that is not more-truly dedicated to failure than to success.

IN YOUTH WE SELDOM recognize symptoms of the Will to Fail. We explain our reluctance in getting started as the natural timidity of the tyro; but the reluctance stays, the years go, and we awake in dismay to find that what was once a youthful diffidence is now something sickly and repellent. Or we find a convenient domestic situation and let it bear the brunt of excusing us for never having gone to work in earnest. Or we have the best of all reasons for not doing as well as we might.

Most of us must choose between work and starvation, and the employment we were able to find when it was vital that we should begin earning our livelihood is not work for which we are suited.

This necessity to fall upon the first work we can find is alone enough to explain why so few of us ever manage to bring our plans to fruition. Often, at first, we have a firm intention of not losing sight of our real goal; we plan to keep an eye on our ambitions, and to work at them by hook or crook—evenings, week ends, on vacations.

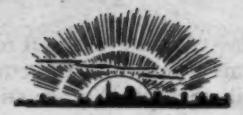
But the 9-to-5 work is tiring and exacting; it takes superhuman strength of character to go on working alone when the rest of the world is at play. And so, without realizing it, we are swept into the current of the Will to Fail. We are still moving, but we do not see that our motion is downstream. We slip through the world without making our contribution, without discovering all that there was in us to do, without using more than a small fraction of our abilities.

Most of us disguise our failure in public; we disguise it most successfully from ourselves. It is not hard to ignore the fact that we are doing much less than we are able to do, very little of what we had planned even modestly to accomplish before a certain age, and never, probably, all that we had hoped.

One reason it is so easy to deceive ourselves is that somewhere along the way we seem silently to enter into a sort of gentleman's agreement with our friends and acquaintances. "Don't mention my failure to me," we tacitly plead, "and, in return, I will never so much as hint that you are not doing quite all I should expect of you."

If the Will to Fail announced its presence with symptoms as unmistakable as those which indicate measles or a bad cold, it would probably have been eradicated long ago. But unfortunately, its symptoms are legion.

"Do not act as if you had 1,000 years to live," Marcus Aurelius warned himself. All those in the grip of the Will to Fail act as if they had 1,000 years before them. There are, for instance, those who sleep from two to six hours a day more than they need to keep in health. Next are the waking sleepers: persons who allow activity to pass before them almost without partici-



pation, or indulge in time-killing pursuits: the solitaire players, the pathological bookworms, the endless jigsaw puzzlers.

Then there are the drinkers—all those who drink knowing that it means a bad morning the next day, a vague approach to every problem until the effects have passed off—those to whom any drinking means physical discomfort, acute or trifling. And plainly, unwise eating comes under the same head.

Turning to the active type, there are the relentless movie and theatergoers, the nightly dancers, all those who count the day lost which has not a dinner or cocktail party in it. There are the innumerable persons who deliberately undertake work which calls for only a small part of their abilities, and who then drive themselves, exhausting themselves over useless details.

There are the takers of eternal postgraduate courses, turning up on the campus year after year. There are the "devoted" daughters and sons and mothers and wives (fathers are seldom found here, although there may be an occasional husband) who pour their lives into the lives of other adults, but whose offering, since they have never developed what was most valuable in themselves, adds no richness to the objects of their "self-sacrifice."

There are those who undertake a task they know to be beyond their powers, or engage in a specious "research" problem. For example, there is a man in New York who has been gathering biographical details about an obscure Italian statesman since his sophomore year in college. This pseudo biographer is now in his late forties, and not one word of that definitive Life has been written.

But perhaps the greatest class of all those whose goal is failure is that of the Universal Charmers. When you find yourself in the presence of more charm than the situation calls for, you are safe in saying to yourself, "Ah, a failure!"

This is no diatribe against genuine warmheartedness or true sweetness of character. We are talking now about the cajoling, winsome adult, either man or woman, who insists on being accepted as just a great, big, delightful child—irresponsible, not very thoughtful, but so exceedingly lovable, even to strangers!

These victims are under the hard necessity of working at charm as convicts work at stone crushing; they must go on being more and more charming to offset their waning attractions, or face the truth that they have not adequately discharged their responsibilities.

So there are all these ways, and innumerable others, of filling one's time with purposeless activity or falsely purposeful routines. The victims of such futile activity present a dreadful spectacle—insane misers, stuffing a senseless accumulation of odds and ends of sensations, experiences, fads and enthusiasms into the priceless coffer of their one irreplaceable lifetime.

Whatever the ostensible purpose may be, it is plain that one motive is at work in all these cases: the intention, often unconscious, to fill life

so full of secondary activities that there will be no time to perform the best work of which one is capable. In short, the intention is to fail.

ABSURD AS IT MAY SEEM, there is hardly one person in a hundred who does not, in some fashion, deliberately thwart himself. To understand why, it is necessary to examine what may be called, without paradox, the Rewards of Failure.

Consider, for instance, that if you try for anything just enough to justify saying that you have tried, you can fold your hands for the rest of your days. You can say humbly that you were tried and found wanting in those qualities which make for real success.

It will sound very touching; and there is no earthly way in which it can be proved untrue. You can thereupon become a dilettante or amateur, frightfully hard to please by those who go on working, severest of all critics, possessor of some inner knowledge, and able to hint at standards of excellence untouched by those who are still out trying to run the dusty race—standards so marvelous, so unattainable, that failure to reach them is more honorable, you may imply, than another man's easy success.

With not one thing completed, the acclaim you might have received, the financial coup you might have brought off, the masterpiece you might have accomplished, can assume in your dreams, and in the eyes of those who accept your version of things, almost more importance than real success.

But notice that you will have avoided the struggle, the pain, the humiliations that attend outward activity. You will never have to see the object you slaved to create despised or misunderstood. You will never have to stand adverse criticism. You will never have to bear the malice of those who envy success, however trivial. You will never have to back your opinions by argument when you are tired. Or, far deeper and more vital, you will never see the discrepancy between the finished work and what you had hoped to do.

Moreover, if you have failed not too awkwardly, you are usually more delightful as a companion than a better worker. The successful man has less free time, can seldom be counted on for impromptu gaieties, since he is not unconsciously intent on finding escape from an unsatisfactory life. Thus, he is under no compulsion to be winning. Except among his real intimates, he may have the reputation of being gruff and unapproachable. So as long as you cannot bear indifferent or hostile eyes, you will probably see to it that you continue to fail with the utmost charm.

Yet the rewards of success are so immeasurably more worth having. The smallest task well done brings in a moment more satisfaction than failure knows in a lifetime. The knowledge that one is being tried by a real scale and not by the shifting standards of revery is like having land underfoot after weeks of drifting at sea. And besides the subjective advantages, there are the rich objective rewards.

A dream picture brings no buyer, a dream plan no dividends, a fantasied book is followed by no



royalties. Crass as this may sound, it is literal truth, and stands for a truth still greater. Fantasy may call the grapes of reality sour, but those who have tasted them know at last a dependable delight.

All that is necessary to break inertia and frustration is this:

Act as if it were impossible to fail!

That is the formula, the command, which turns us from failure towards success. Clear out, by an easy imaginative feat, all the distrusts and timidities, all the fears of looking ridiculous which you may hardly suspect of being treacherous troublemakers in your life. The first result will be a tremendous surge of vitality, of freshness. It will seem as though your mind gave a great sigh of relief, of gratitude for liberation, and stretched itself to its fullest extent.

Then the long-dammed-up flow sets in irresistibly; turned at last in the right direction, the current gathers strength. At first you may still harbor some fear that the spell which worked so instantaneously may break in the same way. It will not, simply because it is no spell; it is a reminder of how work can always be successfully undertaken.

You see, those fears and apprehensions were far more than mere negative things. By acting as if they were important, you turned them into realities. They became parasitic growths, existing at the expense of everything healthy in you. And so, by banishing fear, we come into the use of already-existing aptitudes which we formerly had no energy to explore. The rapidity with which these capacities make themselves known is truly startling. It is even more enjoyable.

Next, there is the further experience of seeming to become practically tireless. Actual records of working periods introduced by using this formula would strain the credulity of those who have never had the experience. And these periods are not followed by depressed reaction. There is always so much ahead, and it is so clearly seen, that there is no chance for depression to set in. The mind seems to fly where before it had groped.

If you doubt this procedure, or feel that you are being invited to deceive yourself into a feeling of success, you are wrong. We all know that what "works" is practical truth, and becomes the basis of our further activity. Hence, if you are ineffectual in everyday life, you are acting as if you willed to fail. Turn that attitude inside out, consciously decide that your "as if" shall be aimed towards accomplishment, and you have made success a truth for yourself.

IF YOU POSSESS a vivid imagination, you will probably be well on the way towards practice with no more than the sentence: *Act as if it were impossible to fail.* If you are not, or if you have been badly hurt by failure, there may be some difficulty in beginning to act effectively, but there need not be much.

To get at it more slowly, the idea is this: instead of trying to start, or swearing that you will start, or deceiving yourself into thinking that you are going to start tomorrow,

take time first to "make up" your state of mind, the mental condition in which you are going to work.

First, give yourself a model. Everyone has had success in some line, perhaps in a very minor matter. Think back to it, however childish it was. What you want to recapture is the state of mind in which you once succeeded—the steady, confident feeling that was yours when you realized that you were about to do something that was well within your powers. Try to bring back every surrounding circumstance of that moment. Fix your attention on that, for that is to be your working frame of mind.

When you have found the mood, hold it for a while, as if waiting for a command. All at once you will feel a release of energy. You have received from yourself your working orders, and you can begin. You will see that you no longer have to push yourself to do the work; all your energy is free to push the work alone.

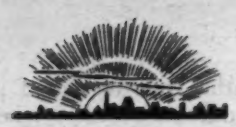
Next, work till you feel true fatigue. The early flagging of attention will be only the old state of mind trying to creep in. But when your muscles and mind honestly protest that they have done all they should do, stop and relax. Then you will find that at last you get the full joy of playing.

There are some persons who have been so badly bruised that it may be necessary to begin this system by practicing it only for a short time each day, and on some secondary desire. Most educators agree that the best way to teach a child to act confidently and competently is to ask him first to perform some small task within his untrained powers. So in our own cases, when self-confidence has been lost, we should find some little desire which has never been gratified. There are scores of these in every life. Here are some examples of developing secondary talents so that confidence in important matters follows:

There is a successful physician in St. Louis who recently learned to model in clay. He did it to give himself the experience of success in an avocation, since his profession, psychiatry, calls on him to deal with difficult material. The confidence which he gains in one line is carried over into his daily work; and in addition, he has an engrossing hobby which has become one more source of approval.

Again, in the Art Institute of Chicago, there is a room named for a businessman who learned to paint after he was 50. A 30-year-old clerk in Los Angeles had wanted all her life to play the piano. One day, moved by impulse, she turned into a house which advertised music lessons by a sign in the window. Her success, of course, is only comparative. She has not the time needed to make a really excellent musician. But she succeeded in reference to her own goal. Besides the pleasure she has had from understanding music, she has acted in an adult fashion which resulted in giving her more confidence in every relation of her life.

These three cases should indicate the proper procedure. Say, for instance, that you want to travel and have never been able to do so. When this dream is removed to the region of reality, there are several



things which must be done. If you want to see Italy, you will certainly enjoy it better if you can speak the language. There are many excellent grammars, and how better can you get started than to buy one?

What else will you need? Time and money. Well, reverse the usual phrase and say to yourself that money is time—that if you have a fund on which to travel you have also a fund of time. Put aside a coin each day, but don't stop there. Think what work you can do in your spare time that will bring you a little more money. If it is nothing more than baby-sitting, and if you think of the payment as dedicated to your intention to travel, you will be acting towards a successful life.

But be careful that you do not turn these first steps into a more elabbrate way of playing the old game of daydreaming. Do something every day towards your intention, however remote your goal. If you like to model, stop at a ten-cent store and buy clay tomorrow; if to travel, write for folders.

Of course there are many other ways of starting to act successfully. For one thing, we seldom realize how much friction comes from our expecting to be rebuffed or ignored. Think back to some encounter you had today in your office, in a store, in your home. Try to remember the form of your request.

Making all allowances for courtesy, or for respectfulness due to superiors and elders, was there not in addition a tentativeness about your request? Didn't you ask for cooperation in such a way as to leave room for refusal, or grudging action, or for being ignored? Now, think of the ideal way in which that question could have been asked or that order given. It can be cast just as courteously as before, but in such a way that the person cannot refuse without being deliberately hostile.

That is the tone of success. Do not waste another's time and energy or your own patience by suggesting even indirectly that there is more than one course of action, if there is only one which will get the result. Work takes only half the time if the attention is undivided and so is free to go on to the next demand quickly.

By going over your day in imagination before you begin it, thinking of all the contacts you are likely to have, listening to your own voice and correcting it till you get the tone which is at once courteous and unanswerable, you can begin acting successfully at any moment. By doing so you will find that you get through your working day with less fatigue; with what you have left you can begin to realize some minor wish of which you have long dreamed. From there it is only a step to finding the courage to begin to do the major things which you have hoped to do.

BEFORE GOING FURTHER, it may be well to issue a few statements as to what this system does *not* include. First, the advice is not to make affirmations such as "I cannot fail," or "I am successful in all I do." This procedure has too much in common with autohypnotism for those who do not thor-

oughly understand the principle on which they are working.

Second, the advice is not to dash out and impress others by posing, pretending or lying about one's success. The only one to impress at first is yourself, and that only to the extent of making for yourself a congenial working atmosphere.

The recommendation, once more, is simply this: *Act as if it were impossible to fail.*

You set for yourself the hours you will work. Within those hours, and as part of that work, you first clear your mind. When this procedure has brought you to a confident and quiet state, you are ready to get at the work proper.

Now, this is an age of alibis. We all know a little too much about the Glands Regulating Personality and the Havoc Raised by Resistances, and so on. Never since the world began were there such good opportunities to be lazy with distinction. It is true that certain cases of subnormal energy can be helped by glandular treatment, but how many of those who have complained ever went through a simple metabolism test to see if that were really the trouble?

Persons who would never dream of going to the expense or trouble of a full analysis will tell you complacently that they have "a resistance" to this or that, and feel that they have done all that can be asked of them by admitting the handicap. Remarkable cures, however, have been observed in those who replaced that word with our ancestors' synonym for the same thing: "bone-laziness."

It is not so much fun to be foolishly lazy as it is to be the victim of a technical term, but many are crippled for knowing an impressive word who would have had no such trouble if they had lived in a simpler society. And so, before you decide that you are the victim of Glands or Resistance, try a few of the suggestions for self-discipline that follow. You may find your expanding powers so much more rewarding than—well, your bone-laziness—that you will not need the services of an expert, after all.

IN EVERYDAY LIFE, we tend to think of the imagination as something which may be spoken of as "useful" to artists but as being almost the opposite in the lives of practical men and women. To use one's imagination, generally, is thought of as allowing the mind to relax and sun itself. As a result, we look warily at the imagination, often seeking to check it or, in extreme cases, even to eradicate it.

But consider a few of the many things it can usefully do for us: it can help us to stand away from ourselves, holding back the emotions and prejudices which often keep us from seeing clearly. Thus, we may find that we are thwarting our own interests, and can replace the disadvantageous activities—still in the imagination—by others which will bring happier results. It can be turned on the character of an opponent or an uncooperative "helper" while we study him.

It can explore new fields for our efforts, and bring back some of the original freshness towards our work which we have lost through fatigue and routine. It can even perform



such a severely practical function as to discover new markets for our wares, or new ways in which to use old talents.

The infantile adult can never see himself; even less can he see his work or the object he has made. Consequently he is never in a position to know just where his contribution does go in the scheme of his world, and is at the mercy of the reports of friends or strangers.

Even here he is bewildered; however plain the words may be, his intense preoccupation with his own hopes spoils him as a dependable recording instrument. But by looking, in imagination, first at himself, then at the work he really wants to do, then at the audience to whom he hopes to appeal; and, finally, by bringing all these elements into relation with each other, he could keep his courage from being undermined and his mind unconfused by conflicting advice.

But what if you must have approval in one phase of your work before you are ready to go on to the next? What if your work is contributory to a group effort? That is, of course, more complicated, but imagination can still be helpful. It can show you where you stand in the chain of causes which go to bring about a certain result, and thus teach you to be patient while your work is being considered and the verdict reached.

Then, if the verdict is adverse—as it occasionally must be—you can do one of two things: tackle the problem from a new angle, or put your reasons for believing that your original idea is good in such a way as to show that you are not defending it simply out of a sense of outraged proprietorship.

The only way to do this successfully is to have a set of standards drawn up for each type of work you do, and in advance. Here again we call on imagination. Having formulated the ideal towards which your own work tends, before launching it into the world you should check it against a set of questions. Roughly, the finished work should be measured this way:

Is what I have done as good as the best in its field?

Has it everything necessary for all ordinary purposes?

Have I added any original contributions?

Have I made it as attractive and convenient as possible for those who are its logical users?

Have I considered whether there is another group to which it might also be made to appeal?

What more can I do before I send it out to make its own way?

(Try reading these questions in two ways: as referring to an item of commerce, and as an attitude towards a daily task.)

Again, if you are one of a group of workers, imagination can help by showing where you stand in relation to those around you. When you have seen this, you can work out a code for yourself which will remove many of the irritations and dissatisfactions of daily work. Then you are ready to teach, discipline and exercise yourself till you have reached your state of maximum effectiveness.

by Dorothea Brande

There are dozens of small ways in which we can make our minds keener and more flexible—two qualities that are peculiarly necessary for those who intend to live successfully. We all succumb too easily to a routine which gets our tasks done with a minimum of effort and conscious attention, a fact which might have no unfortunate effects if only we used the time we save to good purpose.

But the truth is we do nothing of the sort. Instead, we apply the routine-observing tendency to our whole lives; we allow ourselves to soften, to abandon our ingenuity, to escape responsibility whenever possible, till we grow to fear the word discipline.

Yet *discipline* is undergoing restraint in order to develop the qualities necessary for a full life. Mental discipline should connote the equivalent in the sphere of the mind which the athlete undertakes for perfecting his body. We should first take stock of our minds; and then set to work to strengthen them here, stretch them there, teach them to be more exact—in short, put them through their paces so that we get the maximum advantage.

In order to do so, we must be arbitrary with ourselves—by no means an easy matter for a generation which has not only been softened by material conveniences but has been allowed to "psychologize" about itself day in and day out. We must work to get back tone and muscle into our lives until it is possible to stop one activity and turn to another, varying the approach and strength behind each effort with the deftness of a skillful tennis player meeting the shifting play of a good opponent.

The disciplines suggested here have been drawn from all over the world—from India and Spain, from Greece and China—and from any girls' finishing school! Not all of them will be equally valuable to all cases; but before you decide to reject any one, examine yourself to discover whether you are not possibly throwing it aside simply because it does ask you to put a little more restraint on yourself than you find pleasurable.

Most of them will be difficult at some stage, attended in the mental realm by something like the stiffness and soreness which come from using a new muscle in athletic training. So, in following these mental exercises, unless there is some discomfort, the discipline in question may not be the one you need. In that case, replace it with another which calls for endurance and effort.

1. The first exercise is to spend an hour every day without saying anything except in answer to direct questions. This should be done in the midst of your usual group, and without giving anyone the impression that you are suffering from a headache. Present as ordinary an appearance as possible; simply do not speak except when spoken to. Answer questions to their limit, and no further; do not continue with volunteered remarks.

Oddly enough, this is a difficult discipline for even a normally taciturn person. We are all so used to breaking into speech whenever we meet one another, merely as evidence of friendliness and accessibility, that we talk almost constantly



whenever there is an opportunity.

Probably no two experimenters have identical reactions to this practice; they will vary according to temperaments. One thing which soon becomes apparent, however, is that we seldom say what we mean at our first attempt. We rush into speech, see by the expression on another's face that we have not made ourselves clear, and try again. This likewise may not make our intention understood, so we try again. Then we pause a moment, think the matter over, issue a clearer statement. But meanwhile there are those three earlier attempts still beclouding the issue.

One man, reporting on this experiment, said that when his silence began to make itself felt, his friends acted most illuminatingly. One became ingratiating, a second truculent, charging his silent friend with feeling "superior." A third, heretofore the quietest of the group, turned extremely talkative, as though to retrieve a balance he felt endangered.

A woman reported with amusement that she never had such a personal success as during the hour she sat silent and smiling at a party. Her silence seemed to act as a magnet and a challenge in a way her gaiety had never done.

All who tried the experiment, however, agreed on one matter: while the silence lasted, a sense of mastery grew in them. When they resumed speech, it was with the sense of using words definitely and purposefully.

2. Learn to think for half an hour a day exclusively on one subject. Simple as this sounds, it is at first ludicrously hard to do. Start with subjects which really interest you, but when you have taught your mind not to wander even for a moment, begin choosing a subject by putting your finger at random on a newspaper or the page of a book, and think on the first idea suggested by the lines you have touched.

You will find it revealing to start this exercise with a pencil and pad, and to make a check on the paper whenever you find your attention slipping. If you are quick to realize when your mind has begun to wander, you will find your paper full for the first few days. But at the end of a week in some cases, at the end of a month even in refractory ones, the pad will be found nearly blank at the end of your half-hour.

This, of course, is simply the "application" and "concentration" preached to us in school days. It is very revealing, nonetheless, to see how imperfectly we learned that lesson! Once learned, it is of immense benefit. Anyone who is capable of it, for instance, can pick up a foreign language in very short order. Moreover, in any competitive performance, the one who has trained himself to think steadily, without deflection, will arrive at his conclusions first.

3. Write a letter without once using the following words: I, me, my, mine. Make it smooth and keep it interesting. If the recipient notices that there is something odd about the letter, the exercise has failed.

This practice allows us to see ourselves in perspective. In order to

write a good letter of the sort, it is necessary to turn the mind outward and give up obsessions with our own affairs. We come back to our own lives refreshed.

4. Talk for 15 minutes a day without using I, me, my, mine.

5. Write a letter in a "successful" or placid tone. No actual misstatements are allowed—no posing, no lying. Simply look for aspects or activities which can be honestly reported. Indicate by the tone of your letter that you are not discouraged in any way.

There is a double purpose here. First, it is a simple way of turning from a negative and discouraging attitude towards a positive and healthy one. However unpromising the prospect for finding good items may appear at first, one soon discovers that a number of matters are going well, but have been ignored while one centers on frustration.

Second, such a letter, sent to almost everyone with whom you correspond, will remove a great stumbling block to the successful conduct of your affairs.

6. This exercise comes from all the finishing schools that ever existed: pause on the threshold of any crowded room and consider your relation to those who are in it. There is a silly notion abroad today that to take such forethought is to be a hypocrite or a snob. But there is no danger that you will be acting "artificially" if you give yourself a moment to foresee the various possibilities and relationships you are about to live through.

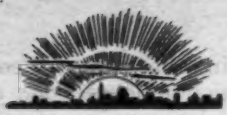
You will simply have taken care not to be stampeded into doing something uncongenial, of getting caught in a backwater of conversation which touches none of your personal interests, or of missing a chance to talk to a real friend or to someone whose conversation will be valuable to you.

7. When the above exercise is learned or recaptured, go on to an old piece of advice from 17th-century France: keep a new acquaintance talking about himself without allowing him to become conscious of what you are doing. You will find a genuine interest rising in you for your companion, and soon you will find yourself engrossed in his affairs. The last trace of self-consciousness will drop away from you. And if *you* talk of yourself in response to later questions, you will know just how much to say, what interests you have in common, and whether you could ever find the friendship of that person desirable.

8. The exact opposite of the above exercises, and infinitely harder to do with intention: talk exclusively about yourself without complaining, boasting or (if possible) boring your companion. This is an excellent discipline for those who ordinarily talk too much about themselves. This *reductio ad absurdum* of their weakness brings them face to face with the ordeal which they are putting their friends through at every opportunity.

Every sign of indifference, of boredom, of desire to introduce another topic which may escape us while we are neurotically self-absorbed, is only too plainly seen. Both the exercise and the weakness will be abandoned gratefully after one or two occasions.

However, there are other things



to be gained from this exercise. It soon becomes apparent that talking about the trivial, the commonplace, the recurring incidents of one's everyday existence leads to certain boredom in our audience. If, on the other hand, we have had some genuinely interesting experiences, have been more imaginative in a situation than usual, are undertaking something new, we are likely to hold the attention of our audience. The conclusion that perhaps we might profit by extending our interests, undertaking new adventures, or bringing more imagination to our everyday lives can hardly be escaped.

9. This exercise, which is intended to correct the "I-mean," the "As-a-matter-of-fact" habit, takes cooperation. If you realize that you have picked up a verbal mannerism, and would like to get rid of it, call on the friend to whom you talk most fluently. Tell the friend that you are saying "and so on," for instance, to the point of absurdity. Ask him to hold up his hand without interrupting the conversation whenever he hears you use the expression.

The talk which follows is certain to be choppy, and there is likely for a while to be more laughter than conversation, but before long you will begin to get the habit in hand. Two or three sessions will eradicate the phrase—except when you actually want to use it.

10. Plan two hours of a day and live according to the plan. Make the schedule partly according to your usual habit, partly unlike it. For instance, here is a sample schedule:

7:30—8, breakfast and morning newspaper.

8—8:20, mail.

8:20—9:25, arrange books according to subject matter.

9:25—9:30, telephone (if on weekday) for some appointment you have been putting off. If Sunday or holiday, go for a walk.

The complexity or diversity of the items has little to do with this practice. The point is to turn from one activity to the next, not at the approximate minute of your schedule but on the exact moment. If you are only halfway through the newspaper, that's sad. But down it must go, and you open your mail—hitherto disregarded.

The purposes of this discipline are, first, to give ourselves the experience of being under orders again and, second, to demonstrate how badly we lose our sense of the time necessary to accomplish any stipulated activity.

We expect time to be infinitely accommodating, and we refuse to admit that it cannot be. But it is possible to learn to use time to best advantage by planning, first, two hours of a day, then three, then four, and so on till we have planned and lived an effective eight-hour day (at the least). Rigid scheduling of a whole day is not always possible or even desirable, but a few days lived by timetable will refresh our sense of the value of time and teach us what we can expect of ourselves when we do not waste it.

11. This is the most difficult of all, for it will seem so arbitrary to many readers that they will not

even try to apply it. Yet arbitrariness is its very essence.

On a number of slips of paper—12 will do to start with—write instructions like these:

"Go 20 miles from home, using ordinary conveyance." (In other words, don't hire a taxi. Take streetcars, busses, ferries, subways.)

"Go 12 hours without food, if your health will permit it."

"Go eat a meal in the unlikeliest place you can find."

"Say nothing all day except in answer to questions."

"Stay up all night and work."

This last order, by the way, is the most valuable of all. You must plan to work steadily and quietly, resisting every temptation to lie down, but relaxing against the chair-back every hour or so, bracing yourself to your work again the moment lassitude threatens. Only those who have actually done this realize that there are depths to our minds which we seldom plumb, accustomed as we are to succumb to the first attack of fatigue.

Seal these slips of paper in 12 envelopes, shuffle them and put them in a drawer. Whenever you think of it, shuffle them again. Every other week, or on a given day each month, pick one of the envelopes and perform your own command. The oftener you can thus be arbitrary with yourself—without turning into a restless jumping jack—the better for your character.

12. An alternative method is this: from time to time give yourself a day on which you say "Yes" to every request which is at all reasonable. The more you tend to retire from society in your leisure, the more valuable this will be. Don't be afraid nothing will occur on that day; it is astonishing how many small requests we turn aside daily rather than interrupt our even course. The consequences may be far-reaching, often educative, sometimes extremely advantageous.

On this system, work out other disciplines which are good for your individual case. There are two ways of making them. First, become aware of some weakness or inadequate performance on your part, then decide whether the way to correct it is to set yourself to doing the exact opposite, or whether acting a ludicrous parody of the failing will be more effective. In matching your wits against yourself, you take on the wiliest antagonist you can have, and consequently a victorious outcome in this duel of wits brings a great feeling of triumph.

But, as you begin to take pleasure in these exercises, remind yourself that they are means, not ends. In getting control of your mind, you are not yet using it officially, so to speak. You are still in your probationary period. You are merely training your mind in order to engage it in definite activity, so do not delay too long in getting at your original plans.

Lastly, get into the habit of being both strict and friendly toward yourself: demand a certain standard of performance; approve of yourself, even reward yourself by acquiring some small luxury, if you attain that standard. Far too often we pursue just the wrong tactics. When we should be acting we excuse ourselves for inactivity; then

we upbraid ourselves ruthlessly. The scolding is futile because we somehow feel that, if we have been too severe with ourselves, we have already atoned for our nonperformance. We haven't, of course. Not only have we not done what we planned to do, but we have hurt ourselves in the bargain.

IN CONSIDERING THE TECHNIQUE of success in these pages, we have had to sacrifice pace to analysis. The actual tempo of success, while it should not have the nervousness or strain of a competitive contest, is quicker and smoother than any book can ever show it to be. There is a delightful conciseness in successful action.

"I know I'm doing a good picture if I'm painting as fast as I can move," a great artist explained to a friend recently. "The minute I begin to dabble, I know I'm stalling. But when I'm right, painting is almost like play."

There is undoubtedly something gamelike about pertinent activity. Purposeful action seems quicker, clearer, more enjoyable than any other. In reality, you may be working more slowly and carefully than ordinarily; still, the fact that there is no confusion of issues gives an unmistakable "tone" to your efforts. Further, this rhythm sometimes crops out unexpectedly in the middle of unimportant events; it is a promise that if you can get away and at work, you will find yourself "in vein."

This feeling of pace will be your evidence that you are headed the right way. This is no recommendation, however, to hasten your physical action in working. Undue haste or desperation is not needed; imagination will do the work even better and more neatly.

We should use our heads in order to get the greatest good from our abilities, stubbornly refusing ourselves the weakening privileges of dreaming, avoiding responsibilities, following the line of least resistance, acting childishly.

Success, for any sane adult, is exactly equivalent to doing his best. What that best may be, what its farthest reaches may include, we can discover only by freeing ourselves completely from the insidious Will to Fail.

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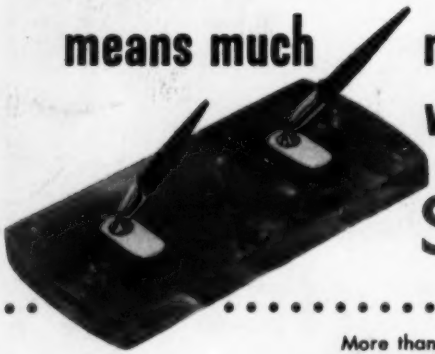
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